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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Old Wine in New Bottles

BY some virtue of numbers, or some conformity of the human mind, we are wont neatly to docket experience into a period of years, and to set up arbitrary dividing lines between one epoch and another. Yet there is no necessary significance in the turn of a century or a specific decade. At rare and magnificent moments in the history of a people, to be sure, the national genius may come to sudden florescence, bursting into bloom with a luxuriance that remains the wonder of the ages. But in the main, development is along fairly even lines, rising gently at times to a peak of achievement and as gradually receding to an even course. Even a war, as the late struggle proved, does not necessarily bring in its wake any profound division between the past and the present of cultural development.

That is not to say that literature, for instance, is not temporarily swerved from its way by the cataclysm of battle. The war, indeed, demonstrated the deflection in literary interest resulting from the conflict as completely as the peace years have evidenced the transitory nature of the divergence. Whole groups of books suffered the shift in character that might have been expected at a time when the embattlement of nations was bouleversing the values of the world. Take a few examples, fiction, travel, philosophical and religious works. When battle was the great adventure, all minor excitement became pallid in comparison with it and the novel, to a large extent, sloughed off sensational incident. The travel book took onto itself the functions of history and instead of remaining descriptive became analytical. Philosophy laid its stress on ethical values, and religion focussed upon the pacifist teachings of the Scriptures and the hope of a future life. But these were all minor changes,—changes in emphasis rather than trend, a necessary result of concentration of effort and thought but not precipitants of radical departure from tradition. Nevertheless, a change is taking place in American literature, or better, perhaps, has been taking place and is now making itself perceptible.

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And the change is a profound one, for it involves not merely alterations of taste, and interest, but a complete translation of values. What has happened to American literature in the past quarter-century is what has happened to life and literature everywhere—a transmutation of mental attitude resulting from the intrusion of science into the common consciousness. What in an earlier century the voyages of the explorers did to shake imagination from the fetters of the commonplace, the searchings of the scientists have effected in untramelling the present-day mind from the binding restrictions of code and dogma.

It is not depravity, as their detractors would maintain, that speaks in those many novels by the younger generation in which manners are free and morals confused, but new standards of conduct derived from a recently discovered psychology of repressions and complexes; not sensationalism that informs the riotous exaggerations of art and literature but an endeavor to apply new theses and formulas to old mediums; and not cynicism that devises a world purposeless and chaotic but a bewildered groping, which deprived of the props of orthodox religion, concentrates on the passing show without imbuing it with teleological purpose.

The spread of scientific knowledge and of interest in science is at the root, indeed, not only of the swaggering frankness of contemporary social intercourse and writing, but of the painful preoccupation with the blemishes and grotesqueries of contemporary American civilization that has written so much of the recent fiction of the United States in bile. So, if we berate our writers as artists let us at least grant them grace as scientists. We talk of a post-war literature that is marked by license, and bitterness, and disillusionment. What we are looking at is not the product of a decade or an episode, even so supreme an episode as battle, but the fructifying of scientific doctrine that for several decades has been seeping into society. What we are witnessing is the yielding of the romantic view of life to the scientific. Perhaps what we have to hope for is a fusing of the two.

Presbyterian Hell

By VINCENT STARRETT

PICTURE the Hell of my Aunt Sally:
A pit of flame in a thirsty valley,
With black walls sheer to the gates of glory,
And red imps telling a bedtime story;
A ring of demons with spear and trident,
With eyes malicious and voices strident,
Flaying babies and toasting sinners
To the hellish wailing of violiners;
And Satan greeting each new diversion
With laugh sardonic and harsh aspersion,
With fiendish giggle and ears up-pointed
To the distant songs of the Lord's Anointed;
Mocking each victim's supplication
For intervention or arbitration,
And all around him the cauldron steaming,
And yellow hissing, and women screaming,
And gamblers groaning, and drinkers yearning,
And the smell of artists and actors burning,
And dancers dancing on fiery griddles
To the devil's drums and the devil's fiddles,
While the devil skips and the devil hollers
For more hot pitch and for more spiked collars,
And his eyeballs pop and his red tail quivers—
No wonder the poor old lady shivers!

This Week

"Whitman." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"The Advancing South." Reviewed by *Archibald Henderson.*

"Wilson's Political Education." Reviewed by *Charles Seymour.*

"The Rosalie Evans Letters." Reviewed by *Ernest Gruening.*

"The History and Prospects of Social Sciences." Reviewed by *Rexford Guy Tugwell.*

Next Week, or Later

Science and Poetry. By *I. A. Richards.*

"Franz Liszt." Reviewed by *Edward B. Hill.*

The Gentleman from Verona

By ELMER DAVIS

CATULLUS, Mr. F. A. Wright reminds us, has had a narrow escape from oblivion. Most of his work has come down to the modern world only from a single manuscript discovered in the fourteenth century by a citizen of Verona, who seems to have published the news less from appreciation of the poems than from pride in the achievements of a home-town boy. Now comes a book* designed to save him from the new oblivion that is descending on all classical authors in an America which is determined to forget the classical language —a book which gives much about Catullus but little of Catullus.

Mr. Wright serves up an informative and readable account of Catullus's life, his times, his friends; a disquisition on his poetry, illuminative and not too technical; and, of course, the history of Lesbia. For readers interested in a great poet and one of the great love stories of all time, who lack the scholarship or the dogged industry that is required to labor through the volumes of Robinson Ellis and Munro, this book deserves its place even on the cramped shelves of a small apartment.

But of the translations offered the best that can be said is what Mr. Wright says of Catullus's own translation of Sappho's "phainetai moi kenos isos theoisin"—they are predestined failures. It is not the author's fault; the numerous poets, amateur and professional, whose renderings he sets beside his own, succeed no better. Even Byron, setting himself to translate "Ille mi par esse deo videtur," manages only to write a similar poem on the same theme. These gallantly hopeless efforts doubtless gave much entertainment to their authors, but there is not much in them for the public; least of all for that public which buys translations of the erotic classics not because they are classic, but because they are erotic.

Even the poems free from obscenity are practically untranslatable; for no writer ever used the compact Latin language with more magnificent economy than this young man from Verona who may quite possibly have had a good deal of Celtic blood. Not in the epigrams so much as in the hendecasyllables; excellent as some of Catullus's epigrams are, the elegiac meter is dangerously metronomic and induces verbosity, even in "Odi et amo."

The hendecasyllable, doubtless, is easier to handle deftly; none the less no other Latin writer ever used it so well as Catullus. Mr. Wright observes that it was regarded as the suitable meter for frivolous trifles, and that compositions in it were not taken seriously. Perhaps not; when Catullus used fighting words to his friends Furius and Aurelius he probably accompanied them with the requisite smile. But one doubts if the Vibenni, father and son, appreciated any playful intent in "O furum optime balneariorum," nor does it seem likely that "Ameana puella defututa" was regarded as a compliment by the lady to whom it was addressed.

Grant all you like to the love poems, to "Phasellus ille" and "Paeninsularum Sirmio," to the first epithalamium, to the bits of exquisite imagery scattered all through his work, and it remains true that the man's supreme virtuosity was in abuse. Sometimes he overshot himself and merely frothed at the mouth, but at his best he could distil more venom

*Catullus: the Complete Poems. Translated and edited by F. A. Wright. (The Broadway Translations.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926. $3.

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into a quatrain or two than you can find in a whole issue of the *Nation*. Marcus Tullius Cicero, a gentleman gifted with a fine capacity for hatred and a copious ability to say what he thought, devoted a large part of one of his orations to the argument that Clodia was a bad woman who exerted an evil influence on numbers of young men. Yet when he had finished he had said no more than Catullus packed into three lines:

> Quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
> Nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium
> Ilia rumpens.

The theory that Catullus had Celtic blood finds plenty of color in the invective poems. Much of his hatred seems to have had inadequate provocation; he had a low flash point, he went off at half cock, Celtic traits certainly; but whether or not the motive was sufficient the execution was usually superb, which is also a Celtic talent. Consider the attacks on Caesar, his father's friend. They seem to have been purely political; and Catullus apparently neither took any active part in politics nor had any profound insight into the reasons for the degeneration of public life in his time. He was merely annoyed by it, as any uncritical good citizen might have been, and adhered to the faction that was trying to pump oxygen into the corpse of the republic. He felt that the times were out of joint and that Caesar was the chief dislocator; from which not very profound conclusion issued the neatest excoriations ever flung at a politician.

This talent for working up a violent fury, whether or not you are sure of your facts, is one to which our age gives a wider scope than his. Had Rome enjoyed that crowning glory of civilization, the newspaper, Catullus, who thought that any man worth abusing at all was worth abusing well, would have been the greatest of editorial writers.

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Yet it seems possible that the best of his work escaped oblivion even more narrowly than Mr. Wright suggests. It may have escaped only because Catullus died at the age of thirty. If he had lived, if he had survived civil wars and proscriptions, he might have spent his later years buying up and burning his early poems.

For his collected works could be entitled "The Journal of a Disappointed Man." From every personal aspect his life was a failure. He succeeded only as an artist, but in his own view and that of his contemporaries he was an artist because he had written "The Letter to Mallius" and "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," because he had translated "Atys" and the "Coma Berenices." Of the shorter poems, the only ones which are apt to attract a modern reader, most were apparently not works of art at all, in Catullus's eyes; they were slices of life, appeals, arguments, revenges; they were drops of blood.

The favorite epithet of his contemporaries was "doctus," the scholarly Catullus; if you want to know what that means read "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis." He excelled in one of the pastimes of the age, the translation or imitation of Alexandrian poems whose merit was supposed to depend on involved complexity; the worse they were the better they seemed to Catullus, if we can judge from his admiration for his friend Cinna's "Zmyrna," which seems from all accounts to have been a prototype of "The Waste Land." Catullus was too great a poet to be utterly spoiled by this passion for obscurity and complexity, or to get hopelessly entangled in the morass of Greek mythology and classical allusion in which Latin poetry eventually bogged down and suffocated. Nevertheless, when he died he had set his feet firmly and hopefully on the wrong road. And, perhaps quite as important, he was getting Lesbia out of his system.

For Lesbia (I refuse to call her Clodia; only a German could think of her as Clodia) Lesbia undoubtedly made Catullus what he is today. He was of course practising poetry before she came to Verona; it seems that the Po Valley wheat belt sprouted poets as copiously, in the seventh decade B. C., as the Mississippi Valley corn belt a dozen years ago. All the same, Catullus was the son of a local dignitary of Verona, no mean city in the estimation of its own inhabitants then and since; if he had never met the proconsul's lady he might very possibly have married a Veronese girl and settled down, to forget the lyric Muse, and become a leading figure, in due time, of whatever equivalents Verona had to offer for Rotary and Kiwanis.

But he did meet Lesbia, and he followed Lesbia to Rome; and the fantastic intensity and persistence of his passion for her shaped all the rest of his life. Probably he was never a model of sweetness and light, but the unmeasured bitterness of his later years we certainly owe to his experiences with Lesbia. For he not only failed as a lover; he failed in everything. Certainly he succeeded in using his failures as the material for brilliant poetry. But he seems to have regarded his personal poems less as Art than as arguments and exhibits in the case of Catullus vs. the Universe—in short, as editorials; and here he not only failed, but suffered that last refinement of the editorial writer's misery—nobody paid any attention to him.

He implored all his friends in turn not to take his Lesbia, and in turn they all took her. He maligned her with all the ingenuity of a supreme talent fired by supreme passion, and more often than not she was merely bored. When Cælius Rufus, after their quarrel, called her Quadrantaria—Old Two-Bits—she tried to send him to jail; but she never paid any such compliment to Catullus. Quadrantaria was a mild epithet beside his invectives, but what Catullus said didn't count.

Politically he was equally futile. He abused Mamurra and Mamurra prospered; he pelted Caesar with the foulest epithets and Caesar only asked him to dinner. What is more, Caesar's dinner invitations seem to have had the effect of Coolidge's breakfast invitations; Catullus went to dinner and came back to write of "Cæsaris monimenta magni" with none of the sarcasm he had once put into his "unicus imperator."

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So, at the age of thirty, Catullus was about ready to settle down. He had gotten over the hatred of Cæsar which had been the principal plank in his political platform; and he was getting over Lesbia. The scar still ached, but there was no more prospect of that "continuous excitement" which had made him a poet. Had he lived, he would probably have sided with Cæsar in the civil wars, and he would certainly have gone on turning the complexities of Alexandrian verse into Latin. He preserved his immortality by dying young.

For how would the mature Catullus have regarded the young Catullus's poems about Lesbia and Lesbia's lovers? Their distinction comes from their superhuman intensity; there is nothing novel in the emotion which makes up their raw material; it is the sort of thing that every man has felt in the twenties and been terribly ashamed of in the thirties. (Sometimes the forties bring a relapse, but that is a matter for the pathologist, not the literary critic.) Catullus at forty would probably have read "Vivamus, mea Lesbia," and "Num te leaena," and "Miser Catulle," with nauseated disgust. What could he ever have seen in that dreadful woman? And he had said that he loved her—he, the young man from the wheat belt, loved her, the grande dame of the Palatine set, as a father loves his children! Jupiter Optime Maxime! . . . He would have been less than human if he had not tried to buy up these melancholy relics and throw them in the fire—and his fame with them.

And Lesbia? Well, if she made Catullus's reputation, he made hers; but that rarely worried her. She asked him, to be sure, to stop "truces vibrare iambos," but that was when she still cared a little about him. Probably she thought his abusive poems would be forgotten along with the persons who had provoked them; but in any case she would hardly have cared. That was not the Claudian way.

For Lesbia was not only one of the first of Rome's emancipated women, discovering with the zest of a pioneer that sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander; she was also a member of the Claudian family, whose distinguishing characteristic was that it regarded its doings as nobody's business. A century later that family went out in a blaze, if not exactly of glory, at any rate of renown that has endured for two thousand years; and one is tempted to regard Lesbia and her brother Publius, the president of the Honest Ballot Association of the day, as a sort of dress rehearsal for Agrippina and Nero, in whom the Claudian house showed what it could do when it really tried.

Claudians never explained, which is a pity; for much could have been said on Lesbia's side. If she had ever been annoyed into setting it down for posterity, it would have been one of the most valuable monuments of Roman literature, a compendium of "What a Young Man Ought to Know."

Lesbia's husband was a highly respectable stuffed shirt. When he went to Verona as governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and took her with him, she was much in the position of a Victorian Duchess transported to Melbourne or Cape Town, of a lady of Mrs. Astor's Four Hundred exiled, in the early nineties, to Kansas City or Denver. One had to do something in Verona; and here was this young Catullus, with something of a metropolitan manner, who could write pretty verses about one's pet sparrow, and display a devotion that might be rather sophomoric, but was none the less gratifying to a lady on the threshold of middle age. . . . Also he was a nice boy, who deserved a better training than he was likely to get that from that Aufilena woman, or such impossible creatures as Ipsithilla.

An eminently practical lady, this Lesbia, about affairs of the heart. Probably her one real passion was politics, politics as a game, the pulling of the strings which had but lately become possible to Roman ladies. As for the bed and board, they were equally necessities of existence, pleasant enough in their regular recurrence but not to be sentimentalized. . . . If this hard-boiled noblewoman was ever genuinely shocked in her whole life, it must have been when she discovered that Catullus had followed her back to Rome; she must have felt almost a religious horror when he reminded her "dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum." . . . "But, my dear boy! That was last spring. . . . Oh, of course I said it; one does. But do you take these things literally in Verona?"

Yet, for the time, he seems to have remained in favor; he met all the bad young men, he spent his time as Lesbia's house, not yet a *salax taberna* to his way of thinking (though doubtless staid citizens had so regarded it for quite a while); and then he discovered that Lesbia had decided that she needed a change of diet. After all, to a lady getting on in the thirties, an admirer who talked about "nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux" could not have been altogether agreeable.

Catullus's subsequent behavior cannot be excused even on the ground of youth; only as a peculiarly virulent case of one of the more violent types of insanity. As Mr. Wright observes, he behaved like the most jealous of husbands, which was a novelty to Lesbia. Her husband, apparently, had always been complaisant; it was beneath the dignity of a Cæcilius Metellus to notice anything that he was unable to stop. But Catullus noticed everything and waved it before the eyes of all Rome. Verona stuff, she must have reflected; in the wheat belt they still went in for the double standard.

From her viewpoint, it was ridiculously unfair. But she was too proud—and too prudent—to reply. For when she did make a final tentative effort to mollify him he responded with some bitter remarks about "simul complexa tenet trecontos" and this parting advice:

> Nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem
> Qui illius culpa cecidit, velut prati
> Ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
> Tactus aratrost.

Lesbia, after all, had some literary taste; she must have seen that it was useless to argue with a man who could write himself an exit line like that.

And then he died—died at Verona, died when he was thirty; and Lesbia lived on, perhaps, through the civil wars and proscriptions that all but annihilated the Roman society she had known. In the fifties Catullus's poems had been news, town topics; in the forties, and thirties, Lesbia may have reflected that they were fading into the dark. Who cared about those things, and those people, now?

For a thousand years after Lesbia and Catullus and Cælius and Cicero were forgotten, when even Cæsar was little more than the title of a man named Palæologus in Constantinople and a man named Hapsburg in Vienna, a citizen of Verona found an ancient manuscript under a bushel basket—and spread the news to the world because it appeared, on examination, to be the work of another citizen of Verona. And Lesbia, whose only fault in this particular affair was that she fell out of love first instead of waiting till Catullus was tired of her, goes down in history as the supreme instance of a pernicious woman.

All stories should point a moral, in this moral age; and the moral of this one is that no matter how bored a lady from the metropolis may find herself when exiled to the sticks, she should never have an affair with a poet; still less with a great poet; and least of all with a poet who is highly regarded in his home town.

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Introducing Whitman

THE MAGNIFICENT IDLER. By CAMERON ROGERS. Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $3.50.

TWO PREFACES. By WALT WHITMAN. Edited by Christopher Morley. The same. $1.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WALT WHITMAN, like most writers who have boiling within them the elements of greatness, needs no praise, but only what he clamored for so egregiously throughout his lifetime, to be read. Yet to be read, and read sympathetically and intelligently, Walt requires both an introduction and an interpreter. He had none of the social graces himself, though such intense sociability, and his poetry has few of the literary graces. It does not invite the youthful taste nor does it conciliate the literary mind. Its idealism, far from being a representation of everyday life, is an abstract from a vision of democracy which was a prophecy in Whitman's own day and is now almost a reminiscence; its beauty is attained through discord and when not beautiful his poetry is raucous or confused.

Walt Whitman, like so many American writers of real distinction, lived in two times. He was behind his age, and he was ahead of his age. He was in the rearward of Western culture, education, and refinement, and the knowledge of those means of artistic expression which a great tradition had put into the hands of every trained writer. As an artist he was self-made, and self-making in art, even when it preserves originality, leaves its mark upon achievement. The self-made writer wears his style with a difference, and the difference is not always desirable. He seldom escapes from self-consciousness when he writes, and his effects are gained by sheer force rather than easy simplicity. Walt clubs his diction into verse for fear his idea will escape him.

But Whitman was ahead of his time also. He grasped, before the social philosophers, the coming dominance of the plain human man, unprivileged, unspoiled by too much civilization, yet freed by science and a new continent from "chill penury" and given hope. With an intense love of the human species characteristic of the great optimists, he sought this *homo vulgaris* in an America where opportunity had made him common, and drew from him an ideal of democracy which could not be expressed in the conventional language of aristocratic poetry. He gave poetry a new rhythm, and almost a new language, and then magnificently deciding that he himself was the typical man of the new dispensation, proceeded to make himself, in every aspect that he knew, the subject of his verse. The brew was not mild, for in pursuance of his object Whitman put in his passions, his vanities, his brutal desires, his fantastic hopes. It was not clear, for Walt was no philosopher to square his perfect democrat with a possible society, and no classicist to express all that he did express with equal success and harmony. But in spite of confusion, bad taste, absurdity, and occasional flat dulness, he did achieve a unity and was quite right in speaking all his life of the "Leaves of Grass" as co-existent with, and all expressive of, himself and what he would mean for history. Few poets can say as much of their work.

A lyric of Housman's needs no introduction and little explanation. It lives in itself and stands by itself. But the readers of "Leaves of Grass" must first understand Whitman, for without him, and the peculiar conditions of his vanishing America, and his impassioned idealizing of those conditions, and the theory of man which he drew therefrom and which, like all theories of man that have their bases in experience, has potential truth that outlives immediate application—without these comprehensions the reader is buffeted among extravagances and makes port only in the most familiar and not always the best of Whitman's poems.

For such an introduction Cameron Rogers's "The Magnificent Idler" is perhaps the best provision yet made. It is a biographical sketch in which the fancy of the author has freely recreated from known evidence the life, and especially the early life, of Whitman. The title is unhappily chosen, for an idler to such purpose as Whitman's is of course no idler at all, even though magnificent in his capacity for doing nothing long which the low world calls work, but the virility and the intense humanity of this handsome giant with a man's brain and a woman's heart are excellently described in narrative as lucid as Whitman's own diction is knotted and perverse. "The Magnificent Idler" is a book for those who have not read Whitman, not for his familiars, and as such it will do good, and is, furthermore, good reading.

Alone, however, it is not enough. Enough of his life is there, except for its political phases which Mr. Rogers has not fully penetrated, but there is a gap between the last chapter and Whitman's own work. There is not enough in "The Magnificent Idler" to account for "Passage to India," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," or "Columbus," or "Song of the Broad-Axe," though "Drum Taps" is provided for. The Idler that Mr. Rogers describes is simply not enough of a man to write this poetry. His soul conflicts are not sufficiently great, his vanity is not sufficiently great, his prophetic visions are not virile enough, one might say that his confusions are not deep enough. The book will introduce Whitman, it does not explain him.

Fortunately, in default of the definite critical study that has not yet appeared, a little book has just been published that will go a long way toward making Whitman the poet intelligible. It is Whitman's own, and yet since most editions of "The Leaves of Grass" do not contain them, it is probable that many readers of the poet have never seen the Preface to the 1855 (the first) edition of the "Leaves" and his "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads" of 1888, now edited in separate

JOHN DAY

The famous sixteenth century English printer and bookseller, in "commemoration of whose honorable tradition" the new publishing house, the John Day Company, has taken its name.

form by Mr. Morley, who hopes, with good reason, that they will find their place in the teaching of English and history in our colleges and schools. Here is Whitman's complete program set forth at the moment of his greatest vitality, and his own later criticism of it, both in a prose intended not to celebrate but to explain. The 1855 Preface is one of the remarkable documents of American history; it is a theory of poetry, a theory of democracy, a theory of the American idealism which Whitman professed. Indeed, there are few more significant passages in nineteenth century criticism, whether esthetic or social, than the best of this astonishing document; the prophetic frenzy, the vast egoism, the sadly mistaken view of the future do not mar their value, both as history and as a vision of hope:

> The greatest poet hardly knows pettiness or triviality. . . . What is marvelous? what is impossible or baseless or vague? after you have once just opened the space of a peachpit and given audience to far and near and to the sunset and had all things enter with electric swiftness softly and duly without confusion or jostling or jam. . . .
>
> The profit of rhyme is that it drops seeds of a sweeter and more luxuriant rhyme, and of uniformity that it conveys itself into its own roots in the ground out of sight. . . .
>
> All beauty comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain. . . .
>
> Have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons. . . .
>
> For the eternal tendencies of all toward happiness make the only point of sane philosophy. . . .
>
> Great genius and the people of these states must never be demeaned to romances. As soon as histories are properly told there is no more need of romances.

It is such passages and the poetry that they preface that the lovable, selfish, idling Whitman of Mr. Rogers is never quite capable of. For the Preface is essentially religion of the optimistic, rhapsodical type which America of the 'forties had been breeding in so many directions, but focussed through a poet's brain. Whitman writes as a seer whose revelation is that the people have the seed of grace and that America is the Chosen Land of the people. It was then; but in religious fervor, and in the breadth of our joy of life we have declined steadily since the Civil War. Therefore it is best for the reader of Whitman to learn first of him, and then go to this "Salut au Monde" which was the Preface to this first real poetry, and afterwards, prepared, expectant, and (if he is prudish) conciliated, on to "The Leaves of Grass."

The Giant Wakes

THE ADVANCING SOUTH. By EDWIN MIMS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

University of North Carolina

IT is not without significance that the author of the volume under review was designated by Walter Hines Page in 1911 to write a series of articles on the South for the World's Work. "The Advancing South" may be regarded as, in a sense, a greatly magnified edition of that series. For thirty years Professor Mims, at Trinity College (now Duke University), the University of North Carolina, and Vanderbilt University, has been forwarding the cause of culture and literature in the South—in the class-room, from the lecture platform, in books (notably "The Life of Sidney Lanier"), and stimulating essays innumerable. It is to men of this stamp—Mims, Alphonso Smith, William P. Trent, Edgar Gardner Murphy, William Garrott Brown, William E. Dodd, Walter Hines Page, to mention a few of the most conspicuous—that the advancing South owes inspiration for its present impetus in intellectual, social, and cultural progress. The comical refutation of the boisterous and undiscriminating ballyhoo, intitled "The Sahara of the Bozart," was Mr. Mencken's own admission not very long afterwards that he was swamped with contributors from the South for his new magazine of criticism and causticity, the *American Mercury*.

These new Southern writers and critics had been on the horizon all the while; Mr. Mencken just didn't happen to see them! But with commendable honesty—and obviously he was in no sense responsible for the existence of writers of whom he was not even aware—he made the announcement that for the first two years of the magazine's existence the South had supplied twenty-three contributors and fifty-five contributions, while New England had supplied only twenty-four contributors and forty-one contributions. A brilliant editor, with a genuine *flair* for recognizing ability, Mr. Mencken quite naturally gave recognition where recognition was due: to the writers of the New South.

A mere catalogue of the phenomenal advances, intellectual and material, of the South in recent years, as set forth in Dr. Mims's excellent study and summary, is forbidden by limitations of space. The chapter titles are: On Judging Public Opinion in the South; Walter Hines Page; Friendly Critic of the South; Broomsedge and Life Everlasting; Looms and Furnaces; The Scholars and Critics of Chapel Hill; Colleges Under Fire; Pens That Are Swords; From Romance to Realism; The Revolt Against Chivalry; The Ebbing Tide of Color; Ecclesiastics and Prophets; A Glance at the Future. With the most outspoken frankness and a refreshingly antiseptic honesty, Dr. Mims abandons all the familiar exculpatory "rationalizations," banishes "inferiority complexes," and "defensive intellectual mechanism" to the limbo of forgotten things, and disdains the glib and classic "alibis" of the unsuccessful.

He describes in vivid phrases the state of the South today, the darker no less then the brighter phases of the social situation. In a number of vital personal sketches—of Walter Hines Page, Clarence Poe, the *illuminati* of Chapel Hill, Charles Holmes

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Herty, D. A. Tompkins, George Gordon Crawford, for example,—he shows the energetic, crusading spirit of the new South actively at work. Speaking as one who, for a quarter of a century, has labored unceasingly and waited confidently for the coming of the new day, I see here no false dawn, but a genuine, it may be a glorious sunrise—of a day heralded by our most profound, liberal, and humane regionalist in contemporary fiction, Ellen Glasgow; our leading novelist of romance, Mary Johnston; our greatest letter-writer, Walter Page; poets of distinction and achievement, Olive Tilford Dargan, DuBose Heyward, and William Alexander Percy; a new luminary, T. S. Stribling, whose "Teef-tallow" is a broader, greater work than "Main Street;" James Branch Cabell, the new Poe of a new No-Man's Land, Poe-ic-tesme; an austere creator of works of deep reflection, quiet beauty, and gracious art, Willa Cather; the arriving dramatist of squalid lives and black souls, Paul Green; a penetrating social critic, tilting rampantly for honesty and righteousness, Gerald Johnson; and a magazine of national thought and international literature, the *Virginia Quarterly Review*.

Against the giant hindrances of Dayton and Ku Klux Klan, of religious intolerance, narrow obscurantism, and political stagnancy, of lack of leadership and restricted political and social thought, may be stressed as countervail the gradual but accelerating impulse towards self-consciousness, self-criticism, and—let us pray!—self-satire.

A Piquant Study

THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF WOODROW WILSON. By JAMES KERNEY. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEYMOUR

Editor of "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House"

MR. KERNEY, who is editor of the Trenton *Evening Times*, has made an interesting and in certain respects an important contribution to literature dealing with President Wilson. He came into contact with his subject at the outset of Wilson's political career and the contact was never entirely broken, for he gives us very significant notes of two conversations with the ex-President a few months before his death. We are permitted to assume from internal evidence that many picturesque incidents of Wilson's life here included were given the author by Mr. Tumulty, incidents which the Secretary to the President, because of lack of space or other reasons, did not include in his own book. Certain inaccuracies are apparent but they are of minor importance; so far as the reviewer has been able to determine, the details of the study are based upon reliable evidence and are at times exceedingly piquant. An unfriendly critic might complain that the book is too much concerned with what has been called the "ward politics" of the Wilson administrations, both state and national. That is, however, what the title leads us to expect and what Mr. Kerney is peculiarly well qualified to describe. Both lay reader and historian will be glad to study the manœuvres that led to the nominations and elections and the curious sidelights thrown upon the politics of appointments. They will be especially grateful for the chapters dealing with the first two years of Wilson's political career in New Jersey, which form the major and the most valuable portion of the book.

Mr. Kerney writes of Wilson in a friendly and sympathetic tone but also with great frankness; he is anxious to explain rather than to eulogize. Given the character of the New Jersey political atmosphere, it is not surprising that various incidents appear which will furnish ammunition to historians unfriendly to Woodrow Wilson. There is much in the book which attests the personal charm of the Governor, his oratorical ability, his courage, and his capacity for leadership; but ample space is devoted also to his summary treatment of such supporters as Senator Smith, Nugent, Martine, Record, Harvey, and others whom Mr. Kerney evidently regards as primarily responsible for Wilson's early political success. He writes of the New Jersey Governorship as a step in his career rather than as a permanent contribution to the political welfare of the state. He is not afraid to entitle one of his chapters "The Fierce and Unlovely Side," and he gives due emphasis to political inconsistencies; he even touches upon the topic always raised in the case of a President, whether of the nation or a university, that of personal veracity, and reports that Wilson "spoke at times with some mental reservation as to facts."

The chapters dealing with the close of Wilson's political career are especially interesting because the author's exposition of Wilson's relations with the Senate, while conceived in a tone always friendly, is condemnatory in its verdict.

> When he got in a fight nothing was relevant but the fighting; the serene judgment of balanced understanding was impossible. With the coming of increased power he had walled himself in. . . . Thus isolated, he found it easy to convince himself that he had devised the correct pattern for human behavior and that those who differed from him were "blind and ignorant."

The time has not arrived for us to make up Wilson's final biographical balance sheet; but if the historian of the future places confidence in Mr. Kerney he will be inclined to the opinion that the great President's nature was so contradictory that almost anything could truthfully be said of him, good or bad.

A Mexican Tragedy

THE ROSALIE EVANS LETTERS FROM MEXICO. Arranged with comment by DAISY CADEN PETTUS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THIS collection of letters to her sister narrates a woman's struggle in Mexico to defend her property and maintain what she believed to be her rights to it. It is a vivid tale of high adventure in the midst of revolution. As one of those revealing side-lights of a period often more prized by historians than an official record it is not unimportant.

Rosalie Caden, an American girl living in Mexico, had married Harry Evans, an Englishman engaged in business there. In 1904 they acquired an old hacienda—a plantation—in the state of Puebla and bent their energies to making it productive. Their irrigation works made it grow more wheat, corn, and chile than ever before. When chaos broke in the century's second decade they left Mexico. Returning alone in 1917 to see what had become of their estate, Mr. Evans was taken suddenly ill and died. The next year his widow returned to Mexico impelled by financial necessity and sentimental attachment to recover their property.

What ensued is an episode in the agrarian phase of the Mexican social revolution. San Pedro, the Evans' hacienda, was among the many large and prosperous estates destined for expropriation and repartition among neighboring villages. The most important plank in Mexico's revolutionary program aims to destroy the previously existent feudal system of land tenure, and its consequent peonage, and to restore to the villages communal land to cultivate with their own labor. Certain rules and restrictions have been laid down by the Mexican government to make this program effective. But in its execution they have been lamentably honored in the breach.

The Evans case is illustrative. The human element—cupidity, official ineptitude, lack of imagination, stupidity—complicated and distorted what in the abstract is a sound program, responding to a fundamental national need. Mrs. Evans's narrative of her four years' resistance to the enactment of the agrarian laws is a terrific and passionate attack on the program, or rather on its misapplication, on Mexican officials, on Mr. Charles Beecher Warren, the American commissioner and later ambassador to Mexico, on nearly everyone who did not sympathize with her struggle.

It is difficult to read her telling of it dispassionately. She was a gallant woman—cultured, brave, and high-spirited. One cannot but thrill to the picture of the lithe and determined little figure swinging along on horseback in the crisp luminous air of the Puebla valley, beneath the snow-glittering volcanoes, singing her battle-cry, "Nous sommes les enfants de Gascogne," driving off the enemy—the "rabble" they always were to her—tearing down their flags, the markers which the villagers had placed to denote the new boundaries:

> The last (flag) they had put on a mound too high for me and not room on top for the horse to stand—only to dash up on one side and down the other. Before they could stop me I forced the horse up, caught the flag-staff in passing and with the weight of the horse broke it off! It was really exhilarating—I have never stormed a citadel or captured a flag before. . . . The *agrarios* fired on me, but even that only added excitement and pleasure. I got off with the banner and blocked off Diego and Iago and would not let them return the agrarians' fire as their bullets fell short. Nor would I run, but walked the horse slowly back to the hacienda—with Diego and Iago keeping their guns ready if they attacked us. We planned to charge them with a volley if they came near, but they never did.

And so for four years this slender woman pitted her brain, her energy, and her indomitable spirit against a government and a people; took up man's weapons and fearlessly faced odds of a hundred to one, until at last she was foully murdered from ambush. She would die but she would not surrender. Her struggle was an epic. Throughout she maintained the pioneer tradition that is passing from the earth. Whatever may be advanced in extenuation of the attendant circumstances, Mrs. Evans is, for one supreme reason, entitled to unqualified admiration and respect for her course and convictions. For them she died.

Yet her story must be read with the understanding that it is *ex parte* testimony. However incorrect may have been the acts of Mexican officials with whom she came in contact, however they may have transgressed in her view or actually, essentially she was resisting the law of the land and its constituted authorities. She gloried in it! Even her staunch and unflinching defender, Cunard Cummins, the British chargé, vainly advised her to desist. Strong partisan that he was, he refers in an official communiqué to "a not unnatural exaggeration sometimes observable in her words." Under the strain of conflict her letters reveal an increasing bitterness, an obsession of herself as a crusader. "Joan of Arc," "an international heroine," she approvingly quotes others calling her.

"I adored your saying," she writes her sister, "Great Britain might fail me, not I Great Britain!"

That ample reservations should be made till the other side is told, is the more necessary in that her publishers have sought to transform the book into an indictment and give it the character of an international exposé. The jacket draws the inference which Mrs. Evans herself nowhere does that her husband's death was "sudden and suspicious," gives special emphasis to a casual reference of Mrs. Evans's to the Mexicans as "the money-minded race," and exalts her denunciation of persons in the Mexican scene she scarcely knew while she was smarting under a deep sense of injury and frustration. The fundamental issues she totally ignores; of the grim background which created the conditions in which she became involved, she says not a word.

That word needs, in all fairness, to be said. The Evans tragedy is inseparable from the greater tragedy of a nation, of a whole race. The deadly heritage against which a people has been struggling for generations claimed in her another needless victim. The tragic resolution of her case benefitted no one. Doubtless it has been a factor in President Calles's disarming of the agrarians and in his unremitting efforts to swing the revolutionary reforms into evolutionary channels. The last word in the long story of which the Evans case is a dark and pathetic chapter remains to be written, and it may not be written for some time.

Of particular interest to Americans, in view of his wide acquaintance in this country and his close knowledge of American affairs, is the recent announcement that J. L. Garvin, editor since 1907 of *The London Observer*, has been selected as editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica in succession to the late Hugh Chisholm, M.A. Mr. Garvin has made a name for himself as a student of public affairs second to none among his English contemporaries.

In our issue of April 10th the reviewer of "William," by E. H. Young, named Jonathan Cape of England as the publisher. Harcourt, Brace & Co. handle the book in this country.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Social Sciences

THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By HARRY ELMER BARNES, KARL WORTH BIGELOW, JEAN BRUNHES, ROBERT CHENAULT GIVLER, ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER, FRANK HAMILTON HANKINS, HOWARD MADISON PARSHLEY, ROSCOE POUND, WALTER JAMES SHEPARD and KIMBALL YOUNG. Edited, with an introduction by HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL,
Columbia University

THE social sciences are in a vigorous state. The attention given to them in educative curricula everywhere, the copious output of journalistic and book literature, and the ready dependence upon them of policy-forming authorities everywhere, all testify to this vigor. It is only to be expected that in all of them there should, in this new age, come a time of questioning of premise, methods, and criteria, a reassessment of values, and a beginning of new forms of research. Ours is an age in which the violent destruction of old cultures and the competition of new ones for the places of the old makes a singularly difficult situation for analysis and prophesy. It is so difficult indeed that students of the social sciences everywhere are inventing a new coöperative technique to meet the needs thrust upon them. Time presses always; before one crisis has passed a new one impends. Each problem presents phases which require expert knowledge of many more kinds than any one specialist can profess to have. It seems something less than strange, in consequence, that many of the important new books should bear the name of more than one—often of many—authors.

A generation ago the tradition of personally responsible scholarship still dominated the social sciences. Each thinker hoped to found and lead a new school of thought and he guarded jealously his credit with his followers and his public. This sterile competition has had to give way and workers in the sciences no longer maintain, in the face of their obvious and immediate responsibilities, the old overlordship of ideas. Each new fragment is nowadays immediately pooled with many others and there is a constant interchange of knowledge and opinion which is unique with our period in history. It has occurred to many active scholars—Mr. Barnes among others—that a historical survey of the sciences might serve a very useful purpose if carried out in careful collaboration and by trustworthy experts. The task has fallen to the group under consideration here. There can be no question of the usefulness of the undertaking. Everything depends upon how it has been done.

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Apropos of the general need for such a collaborative work, Mr. Barnes says in his introduction:

> It seems that the first step in this cultivation of the social science should consist in a frank and candid assment of the past development and present status of these subjects. Such a work, endeavoring to trace in a brief but clear fashion the developments of social science in the past, with an indication of the forces which conditioned or determined such progress, would seem the most reliable point of departure for future progress in these various subjects.

But besides this initial demand for a techincal fitting together, the book just completed has a general orientation which is also ethical, one gathers from the introduction, though, to be sure, only one section is expressly devoted to "the history and prospects of ethics." One cannot be completely certain that Mr. Barnes speaks for all the authors, but, if he does, the purpose they had in writing is at least clear. Whether or not it is clearly kept in mind throughout is quite another matter. Mr. Barnes states it thus:

> The progress of knowledge . . . has served wholly to invalidate older views concerning the criteria of conduct. We now recognize that every human thought or act is strictly determined by a long process of antecedents, including our physico-chemical nature, our biological heredity, our endocrinal and metabolic processes, and our personal experiences in human association from the time of parturition to the moment of the particular act or thought. There is not the slightest iota of choice allowed to any individual in any act or thought from birth to the grave. If better and safer types of conduct are to be achieved, this must be brought about by giving the individual a better set of experiences through heredity, education and association. What these new guiding criteria for conduct shall be can only be determined by the most earnest and prolonged collaboration of natural and social scientists, each a specialist, and all dominated by the aim of social betterment.

There will be those who will be distressed to think of attempting to compress the history of history or of biology into some fifty pages or so. And such persons will not like this book on that account alone. For this limitation is accepted by each collaborator at the outset. We therefore note one sort of criticism which may be made before the reader has gone further than the introduction. Others might be made, for Mr. Barnes is nothing if not downright. For him there can be no half-questioning attitudes. One instance of this may have been noted in the passage above. Another person might have said: "We are inclined nowadays to discredit free will." Mr. Barnes must write it: "There is not the slightest iota of choice. . . ." And again he must step into the midst of a controversy in which he can have no expert opinion and state flatly: "The phrase, 'the cave man in the modern city' is not a mere picturesque phrase but a precise description of (the) ominous transformation of the social and psychological basis of life." There are many who feel that this bold statement of attitude represents an error in the thought of the past ten years which will require a long time to undo. Not that there is no element of truth in it, but that, so stated, many students feel that it leads straight to entirely unfruitful conclusions. There is then, another opinion on many of these matters which is rather arbitrarily assumed to be worthless.

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When one comes to the actual reading of the various articles, a limitation, suspected from the outset, begins to become apparent, though a critic must necessarily use great caution in other fields than his own. The writer, happening to be devoted to economics, felt this rather keenly, especially in the statement of leading trends in modern economics, where Mr. Bigelow's classifications seem entirely inadequate to a covering of the field. Certain important developments such as Schools of Business are entirely overlooked as are the immensely interesting and significant developments in technical industrial work itself. The prestige awarded to economics as an academic discipline must seem disproportional to any realistic modern economist. The truth is, of course, that the academicians of the decades just past very nearly read out of their school entirely the most significant industrial developments which were so unfortunate as to fall outside their logical systems. The science of economics at present owes so little to the past, and even so little to its older living practitioners in the universities, as to make one who is aware of these developments sorry to see it represented as Mr. Bigelow describes it. It is characteristic that he devotes fifty-seven pages to a history of the orthodox schools and only four to a consideration of "prospects" (one of which is a quotation from Mr. Barnes).

It seems to the writer unfortunate that one of the purposes of the new history, expressed in the contribution to "History," should have been so conspicuously overlooked by other contributors in general and Mr. Bigelow in particular. Mr. Barnes says that the last aspect of the new history which we may note here is the recent effort to make history at once scientific and pragmatic, namely, useful to the present. . . . it would seem that unless history can lend itself to such pragmatic use. . . . it must be, as far as practical human significance is concerned, essentially 'bunk' to employ Henry Ford's already historic epithet." The application of this to Mr. Bigelow's article on economics is that he has accepted an old and entirely uncritical series of opinions and classifications concerning the significance of the work of the past instead of first making an heroic attempt to assess present movements and then to trace out their origins in the past. As it is he allows the past to dominate the present, completely reversing Mr. Barnes's canon of the "new history."

It is hard to come to a conclusion in trying to assess the worth of the book as a whole. The present reviewer is altogether persuaded that coöperation in the social sciences is essential. He is therefore inclined to wish a book well which represents such a coöperative effort. He cannot help feeling in this case, though, that more was bitten off than could be chewed—at least by most of the biters and chewers. In almost none of the subjects will the treatment serve as a short history and summary to which one can refer needful persons. Too many of the contributors are obscured by the long shadow of the man to whom the book is dedicated. If Lester Frank Ward's method is to dominate the thought of young social scientists from now on, they may as well close up shop soon as later. He does not feel either that the "prospects" half of the title has succeeded in dominating the "history" half, as it should have done, even in those cases where the Ward influence is not ruinously predominant. Nor, yet again, to speak of a related matter, does he see evidence of any serious attempt to carry out that early ethical purpose noted at the beginning of this review. If there are new guiding criteria of conduct which develop out of the texts of these articles, the reviewer has failed to find them. Of course, in justice, it must be said that Mr. Barnes did not hold out the hope that his own ethical purpose would be explicitly carried out by this volume, only that a collaborative beginning would be made which would lead in that direction. But it is difficult to discover even this. It seems to have been lost sight of in the attempts to portray, in a series of orthodox miniatures, the history of the various disciplines. He might note in passing also how strange it seemed to him that æsthetics should have been omitted entirely. And he must conclude to recommend it, therefore, to all students of the social sciences who are sufficiently well versed in other opinions of their "history and prospects" to discount the biases and limitations of this book; but not to others, who wish an introduction to the background of thought and its possible projection into the future, which can be taken as representative of main trends and authoritative minds.

The Semitic Strain

ARE THE JEWS A RACE? By KARL KAUTSKY. New York: International Publishers. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON
Editor, *The Modern Quarterly*

THIS book is timely, exciting, and provocative. Few questions arouse more intense interest, create more catastrophic controversy, foment more sweeping antagonisms, than those revolving about race and religion. The Jewish problem is one of the vexing issues that has obsessed the American mind of our generation. The persecution of the Jews has emphasized Jewish traits, and aggravated the Jewish problem. The problem is fundamentally economic and presents two possibilities of deep significance. Either the Jew will adopt the culture of his regional environment and become assimilated, or he will create a culture in a regional environment of his own. Eventually either one or the other of these trends must prevail. With a people so scattered, assimilation is the logical solution; it is the forces of prejudice and persecution, economically motivated, that drive the Jew to the defensive, necessitate his clannishness, inspire his Zionism. It is this Zionistic trend that threatens to be the culminating phase of the problem.

That there is a Jewish problem no one denies. That a comparatively unexploited territory like Palestine, sanctified too by tradition, can offer an advantage to a portion of a persecuted people adventurous enough to hazard its uncertainties, is likewise unopen to question. But what springs from this? Instead of justifying the Palestinian proposition as an economic and social move, a gesture of expediency, its devotees infuse it with a nationalist metaphysic, exalt it into a religious *Weltanschauung*. In their enthusiasm, their reason knows few limits, and their imagination none. The Jewish race is made into an immutable entity, distinguishable in every environment. Even a Jewish protoplasm is postulated by one Zionist zealot.

Kautsky, aroused by the pseudo-science of these pretensions, asks the question, after all "Are the Jews a Race?" Beginning his investigation with the basic problem of race, he arrays his evidence, gathered from statistical research, to prove "that the Jews are in no sense a pure race"—in fact that pure races do not exist in civilized society. Hybridization has not been an uncommon factor in the history of the Jews.

What do the Jewish apologists base their racial contentions upon, asks Kautsky in pointed fashion. First of all the "most dependable scholars have found the principal trait of Judaism in its nose." Yet among 2,836 adult male Jews in New York City, the Jewish nose, the aquiline or hooked nose, was found to be characteristic of only 14.25 per cent of the cases. The results were as follows; Straight nose, 57.26 per cent; Snub, 22.07 per cent; *Aquiline*, 14.25 per cent; Flat, .642 per cent. Jews are said to be brunette in complexion, yet in a similar investigation, this time of 4,235 cases in New York City, only 52 per cent of Jews were found to be brunette. Furthermore, Jews are abundantly brunette only in places where the environment pro-

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duces a brunette people, as for instance, in Italy, and most blonde Jews are found in countries where the environment produces a blonde people, as, for instance, in England and Germany. In the matter of skull, which is often claimed to be an unchanging race trait, the Jew reveals the same variations according to the influence of environment. In the Caucasus, he is brachycephalic; in Northern Africa, especially Arabia, he is dolichocephalic, in Europe he is of medium types. Kautsky concludes, referring to Fishberg, that "as far as head-form is concerned, these three groups of Jews represent three different races as clearly as if they were of white, black, and yellow skin."

The absurd claims as to peculiar physiology, singular susceptibility to certain diseases, excessive fecundity, are all shown to be in no sense distinctive Jewish tendencies or characteristics. As to mental characteristics, wherever they reveal features described as Jewish, such as an inordinate concern with commercial activity, they are always to be explained as environmental and not inherently racial.

Kautsky, therefore, concludes that the Jews as a race are a very hybrid and miscellaneous group, that "their assimilation (is) the only path that is available to them," and that "that which we call the Jewish nation can achieve the victory only in order then to disappear."

Grave Tales

HERE AND BEYOND. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $2.50.
THE NEST. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN these two volumes of distinguished short stories the authors are concerned with mental states and psychological subtleties rather than with the more dramatic aspects of man's adjustment to his physical environment, and yet drama is always implicit, often explicit, in them. Grave in pitch, suave and mellow in tone, self-assured in technique, they deal with themes made doubly poignant by the absence of the shrill stridency and flashy virtuosity that characterize the average magazine tale of the day.

To be sure both Mrs. Wharton and Miss Sedgwick reveal a gentility of spirit and manner that strictly delimits the action and *milieu* of their tales and that may well seem overnice and finical, old-fashioned, if not archaic, to the post-war generation. But the tales themselves, perhaps because they have so largely to do with themes that are ageless, do not "date," and the fact that their scenes are laid for the most part in a world of gracious ways need not dismay even the reader who likes his pease-porridge hot.

Mrs. Wharton's book begins and ends somewhat lamely. "Miss Mary Pask" for all its atmosphere —and anyone who knows the fogs of Brittany will shiver in the realities of the setting if not in the unrealities of the action—is a near-ghost story in which the main interest and intention seem a little out of perspective. "Velvet Ear-Pads" is merely an amusing and extravagant travesty of the kind of story Mrs. Wharton does *not* write. Was it concocted on a wager that she could if she would?

At least two of the other four tales, however, are superlatively well done and essentially significant. In "The Temperate Zone" a dead poet and a dead painter suffer a kind of second death at the hands of their living lovers, and the gossamer threads of intricate personal and spiritual relationships are woven into a design that suggests the eternal conflict between artist and Philistine. "The Seed of the Faith," perhaps the most dramatic of the stories, evokes not only the filth, smells, and moral lassitude of a small Moroccan town but convincingly mingles with them the religious questionings and doubts and the physical martyrdom of two American missionaries determined to put their faith to the test.

These two tales, as well as "The Young Gentlemen," are models of construction. Never a clue is wasted, never a hint too strongly stressed, and in every instance we follow the action through a narrator or participant perfectly calculated to make the conclusion seem inevitable without being obvious. Mrs. Wharton's scalpel has a keen edge and the hand directing it does not waver. Whether the carefully hidden sorrow of a shy New Englander or the ghostly wraith of a secret sin be laid upon the table, the surgeon remains detached, impersonal, a little unfeeling perhaps, but always understanding.

Miss Sedgwick's art seems by contrast much more highly sensitized. "The Nest" contains a collection of five short stories first published in 1913 and now reissued in the new uniform edition of Miss Sedgwick's works. The tales vary considerably in merit, ranging from the youthful "Miss Jones," which is negligible, and "The White Pagoda," which is trivial but highly polished, to those exquisitely dexterous narratives, "The Forsaken Temple" and "The Nest," both of which gently probe the delicate tissues surrounding unhealthy passions. In "The Nest" a man's love for his wife, reawakened in peculiar circumstances, is slowly smothered by her blindly insistent demands upon it, the while his lagging responsiveness to her need for assurances and demonstrations kills her romantic affection for him. In "The Forsaken Temple" an equally exacting form of love is dissected until each quivering nerve lies exposed, the overweeningly possessive friendship of one woman for another. These two tales are masterpieces of their kind.

The first part of "The Suicide" also reveals Miss Sedgwick at her best, that is, not only seeing accurately and reporting with a happy facility of phrase but feeling deeply and carrying the reader with her into an emotional participation in the mood she projects. It is when her plots become too obviously plotted, her "curtains" too premeditated—as in the latter half of "The Suicide" and the trite flourish at the end of "Miss Jones"—that she disappoints us. One resents even the suggestion of a formula in an art so finely concealed as to create the illusion of spontaneity.

Stories of the Yankee Coast

URKEY ISLAND. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. STEELE'S stories of a New England fishing community have a number of fine qualities—strong invention, familiarity with his people, their customs, and their environment, and a sense for dramatic moments. Each of his tales has real substance and shows conscientious labor. The collection of eight, despite the author's refusal to indulge in any formal scene-painting—not once does he describe either Urkey Island or Urkey village—does build up an impression of an isolated seacoast hamlet. Yet not one of the stories impresses us deeply by truth to life or artistic merit, and it is easy to discern why. Mr. Steele has almost no ability to create character within the ordinary short-story limits; he devotes excessive attention to his technical form, and makes it altogether too elaborate; and his style, by which we mean more than his method of writing English, is often irritatingly spasmodic, violent, and artificial.

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The material, unlike that met in the stories of New England written by the older generation of local colorists, is full of action, drama, and color. Murder appears repeatedly as a theme; we meet with adultery, blackmail, bitter family feuds, theft, and angry revenges. All this, if made to grow naturally out of character and if treated with solicitous regard to verisimilitude, would be a welcome change from the spinsterly fictions ushered in by Sarah Orne Jewett's "Deephaven." But Mr. Steele is at too great pains to startle or shock his readers; he gives himself and them altogether too much trouble in order that they may be brought up gasping by some sudden climax or unexpected twist. The stories almost never flow in a direct and simple line, but are twisted into unnatural situations to make them striking. The author has a fondness, too, for elisions in speech and narrative, which increase the uneven, abrupt effect; and his dialogues sputter jerkily along like a rapid-fire gun.

"Ching, Ching, Chinaman," for example, is one of the simpler tales. It presents a minister, who has married the widow of a sailor named Gibbs. A former suitor of the widow, disappointed and vengeful, undertakes to poison the marriage. He writes the minister letters purporting to come from the sailor Gibbs, risen from the sea, makes the gullible pastor live apart from his wife, and blackmails him into sending regular sums of money to the supposed Gibbs to keep the latter quiet. The Chinese laundryman finds out all about the blackmailing plot by observing the minister, and by corresponding with another Chinaman, also a spy, in another village, by means of Oriental hieroglyphics on the inner bands of collars. On his deathbed the Chinaman exposes the whole affair to the wondering villagers grouped about his bed, and the blackmailer promptly takes poison and dies. We say this is one of the simpler tales. Yet the author's involutions, and the fact that he tells the story from the standpoint not of minister or Chinaman, but of a half-comprehending boy, make it bafflingly intricate and difficult until the very end. Nowhere does he make us really believe in a former suitor who would indulge in so peculiar and dastardly a revenge; nowhere does he make us understand a minister who would be so weak and purblind; nowhere does he explain the superhuman subtlety of the Chinaman. The story is not nature and it is not art. Yet it comes nearer being both than some other among these eight tales. Mr. Steele should study to be simpler, more direct, and more convincing.

Enshrouding Life

THINGS GREATER THAN HE. By LUCIANO ZUCCOLI. Translated by Eloise Parkhurst. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WINWAR

THE translation into English of Luciano Zuccoli has long been awaited by those who have learned to love him in his own tongue. More than Papini, Pirandello, or Guido da Verona, he expresses the spirit of modern Italy with its protean life, material and of the spirit. Like Papini, he is a revolutionary, but in matter rather than manner; futurism, unless it be for the bettering of human nature, holds no lure for him. Like Pirandello, he has his own philosophy, but it is of a softer, tenderer kind, a philosophy that treats of human, suffering beings, not merely of the abstractions resulting from their pain. Then, like Guido da Verona, he is continental in outlook, for his are not the bucolic idylls beloved of the romancer; but unlike the too versatile da Verona, he gives a living picture, to the very pulsations, of the life he portrays and not merely a photograph through the *camera obscura* of amatory intrigues. Yet despite the points of contact with his brother writers, his is a personality apart, Latin in feeling, though not in expression. Perhaps if George Meredith had been an Italian, he would have written of things of the sentiment with Zuccoli's utter lack of sentimentality.

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"Things Greater than He" is an achievement in novel writing, rather, in creation, for little Giorgio Astori, "a mere boy with the shadow of childhood still upon him," a boy to whom the brutality of life will allow nothing more than a precocious adolescence, is as much a creature of flesh and blood, of mirth and sorrow, as some dear being once cherished and irrevocably lost. The portrait Zuccoli paints of him is mournful, but rich in significance. There is nothing of prettified childhood in young Giorgio. His brighter moods, though gay with the natural laughter of innocence, are yet shadowed by a poetic mind that seeks an ultimate meaning. His is the first sketch of a rare nature, condemned through its beauty to remain unfulfilled in a world that blindly blots out what it does not, or cannot, understand. In contrast with Giorgio, Andrea, his brother, walks with the sure feet of one whom life has welcomed with open arms. He has a facile grasp for all the world's problems and its eager pleasures. He runs toward both with the dangerous confidence of youth, until he meets a situation far above his power. The only solution is death, and Andrea accepts it with the weak impetuousness that is youth's greatest courage in the face of the inevitable. Andrea is the first victim of things greater than himself.

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However, it is with Giorgio that Zuccoli is chiefly concerned. The beautiful, sensitive child, misunderstood even in his tenderest age, finds himself only in solitude, with his imaginary companions, more real to him than the people about him. Donna Appia, his grandmother, typical of a Roman aristocracy that is not yet dead, is the only one who understands that Giorgio is a little creature apart, feeding on other than common experiences. To her he tells of his toys, Captain Tarafia and Captain Kavalli, and of their terrible skirmishes on the battlefield of his desk. When the invincible Tarafia at last meets one of more prowess and falls over backwards "with his legs sticking up in the air," a sure sign of death, it is to Donna Appia that he tells of the catastrophe, and it is she who gives him a white carnation for the magnicent funeral that was to take place the next day. Then suddenly, in this strange world, reality forces itself. Andrea is sent away to complete his education, and returns with the burden of

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crime upon his shoulders. A weakling by nature, he is afraid to confess his dishonor to his father, and tells the details of it to Giorgio. The child understands nothing except that it is a dreadful crime, a crime that their stern father would never forgive, and although he promises Andrea to ease the confession for him, he delays, until it is too late. Andrea kills himself and leaves Giorgio with the consciousness of guilt upon his mind. Already things greater than he are closing in upon him. A dark canvas, a gloomy picture, but done with the truth of an artist who dips his brush in blood for the color of life.

A Romantic Woman

O GENTEEL LADY! By ESTHER FORBES. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.

TIMED though it is by crinoline and attitude towards ankle, "O Genteel Lady!" is timeless in its presentation of a romantic woman's demands upon life. Lanice Bardeen is an alluring young creature who quits the college town from which her mother has eloped with a student, and goes to Boston to find freedom, love, and a career. The career develops in a publishing house, love comes with the assistance of a colorful English adventurer who finds the lecture platforms of the New World excellent financial backing for explorations in the Old. Freedom is more elusive and comes late and in disguise.

Although the novel derives much of its charm from its period and setting—the classical era of American life, when Emerson and Dr. Holmes were familiar figures on Boston streets, it is wholly modern in its interpretation of the moods and desires of its young heroine.

Particularly delightful is the account of Lanice's journey to England, her meeting with George Eliot, with the Brownings, her evening with the Tennysons on the Isle of Wight when the poet read aloud, "Black and towsled, and rough . . . brooding over his clay pipe, sucking heartily at his port."

The real meat of the story, of course, lies within Lanice herself, an intellectual, shaken once at least from the protective pod of gentility by a passion which she knows to be unworthy, and passing. It is this experience which makes her so arresting and which sets her apart, in her subsequent marriage and motherhood, from the usual reclaimed rebel.

"O Genteel Lady!" has as much literary distinction as any of this year's crop of novels. It might easily, in less skillful hands, have become a pretty, sentimental story relying on its picturesque background and the author's grace of style for a perfectly legitimate interest and popularity. Instead of this it has a robustness of theme and of characterization which would give it importance quite apart from Miss Forbes's ingratiating presentation.

A notable literary-source gift has been made to Yale University, in the four notebooks and a loose-leaf manuscript in Washington Irving's hand and a notebook by his elder brother, Peter Irving, just received from anonymous donors. With these additions and with the Irving letters recently presented to the University by Starling W. Childs, the Yale Collection of Irvingiana (Irving manuscripts, books, etc.) is now considered one of the two best in America.

The most suggestive item to students of Irving, in the opinion of Professor Stanley T. Williams of Yale, in whose hands the new collection has been placed for editing and publication, is the small duodecimo notebook, dated 1817 and used by Irving in writing "the Sketch Book." The entries are fragmentary, Professor Williams said, but in many cases may be definitely identified as the originals of such essays in "The Sketch Book" as "The Wife," "Rural Funerals," or "The Widow and Her Son."

Another notebook is obviously the rough material of "The Alhambra." The fourth of the notebooks in Irving's hand is entitled "Notes Concerning the United States," and is virtually a record of Irving's reading during the year 1818. The loose-leaf manuscript describes fully the "Case of the Amistad," or dispute concerning this sailing vessel, an altercation which occurred between the Spanish and United States Governments in the year 1834. The notebook by Peter Irving is entitled a "Journal of a Tour of the Alps" and dated 1807.

The BOWLING GREEN

Fifty Golden Florins

FIFTY GOLDEN FLORINS

IN an excellent second-hand bookstore, called O'Malley's on Columbus Avenue near 75th Street, I came across a book of tales called "Transatlantics," by F. W. Wendt, published by Brentano, 1899. I was tickled by a little mathematical stunt that was printed at the head of one of the stories. I didn't buy the book, for I had picked out two or three others and was beginning to feel thrifty; but I copied down the Theorem in a notebook. I suppose a trained logician could point out the fallacy, but to my gullible wit it seemed airtight. Here it is:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Let } a &= x \\ \text{Then } a^2 &= ax \\ a^2 - x^2 &= ax - x^2 \\ (a - x)\ (a + x) &= (a - x)\ x \\ a + x &= x \\ a + a &= a \\ 2a &= a \\ 2 &= 1 \end{aligned}$$

An algebraic marriage service, evidently.

* * *

None of the world's great sceneries will ever be as curious and surprising as the insides of people's minds. A lady writes me from Wales protesting the unreality of a scrap of child conversation in a recent book. "Why," she writes, "do you let Sylvia say 'I'm a little laughing girl'? It's wrong, dreadfully wrong. A little child wouldn't say it. How can you make a mistake like that?"

The answer is perhaps discreditable, yet true. That particular line was taken direct from a small girl of six who actually said it.

* * *

The final quaintness in the long history of Whitman and his work arrives just in time for his birthday. It is to be found in the half-title of John Bailey's sensible little book about Walt, just published by Macmillan. The book, so far as I have dipped into it, seems admirable, the useful sort of vestibule to Whitman that many readers need; but as a member of a famous series, now revived, the bastard-title (as printers call it) would have given Walt a grin. It says:

English Men of Letters

WALT WHITMAN

* * *

A friend of mine, on whose beneficent Brooklyn bosom I lay most of my perplexities in the realm of affairs, has been at me to make a will. Pondering this matter, I perceive it impossible to make a will commensurate with my private notion of what such a document should be. A man might spend his whole life—in fact, in a sense does—in attempting to signify his sense of what, in his dealings with an exciting world, seemed really important. And then death, perhaps, is like opening the door of a room where the window was already open: it blows all the papers off the desk, leaving only the ash-tray and the pair of scissors.

My knowledge of wills is small indeed; I remember once reading one supposed to have been drawn by a noncompetent, which bequeathed to his heirs such apparently inhereditary matters as the smell of flowers and the glamours of youthful romance. François Villon's testaments are famous, of course. What Shakespeare meant by his dubious allusion to the Second Best Bed is still gravamen for scholars. The pleasantest bit of willing I know was the item in Petrarch's disposition: "To my friend Don Giovanni [*viz.* Boccaccio] for a winter-gown at his evening studies I leave fifty golden florins; surely little enough for so great a man."

* * *

But I don't like the idea of a will being too definite. It is even possible that Boccaccio already had a winter-gown and would have preferred to blow in the fifty florins on Fiammetta. Such items should be suggestions, perhaps, rather than prescriptions. Presumably a will is the most egotistic document that any of us ever compile; there, for the last time, we like to imagine, we will Assert Ourself. I like to imagine, for instance, that my legatees should enjoy themselves in my own way. I began to jot down some of the special items that would serve as golden florins.

The letter-box in the Tel and Tel building on Dey street; the view of the new Telephone building from the Barclay street "L" station; the leather settee in a corner of the Plaza grillroom; the hansom cabs in Central Park—these, obviously, will go to someone in Manhattan.

The sunlight on the sand at Long Beach or Point-o'-Woods, or the million acres of scrub-land down the middle of Long Island, together with all my intended but never-accomplished rereadings of "Leaves of Grass," had better go to some commuter.

* * *

These suggestions, of course, are not binding in any way. For instance I should like to bequeathe to someone the blue tree (*ceanothus*) in the garden of New College, Oxford, but it might be expensive for him to have to go there, when it blossoms in May, and enjoy it. I always had an ambition to own a great many shirts in different shades of blues and browns and grays (to wear a clean shirt every day is obviously Success in Life); this I have not been able to gratify, but I leave the notion to anyone with similar tastes. Theoretically, also, a man should have his hair cut once a month; another achievement quite past my capacity; I leave that consummation to any gentleman with sufficient leisure.

Leary's Old Bookstore, in Philadelphia, as it used to be before they tore it down, and the smell of the Haverford campus about this time of year, and the verse that boys in their teens write about Bryn Mawr, I leave to any properly minded Pennsylvanians.

* * *

Then there are other sorts of bequests that it would be unselfish not to include. That particular 9 o'clock in the evening feeling, when it begins to be unlikely that the telephone will ring again, and the imaginary legatee settles down on a couch under an adequate light, probably with something by Stevenson or Conrad in hand, and with the blissful certainty of falling asleep within an hour. This bequest should include, on the Petrarch principle, a pair of pyjamas, and an ice-box for visit at the subsequent coming-to, about 1 a. m. I do not intend to be meticulously testamentary, but merely suggest that cold spaghetti-and-cheese, or stewed rhubarb, should be in the legatee's ice-box. Failing these, good work may be done upon Corn Flakes with cream, and brown sugar. I impose brown sugar.

To those legatees who happen to be of the writing profession I specially bequeathe that occasional bliss—it comes not very often—when a story has been finished and thought well of, and when, for one or two days (before the next idea begins to damage his peace) he has the incredible tranquility of Nothing That Has To Be Done. As codicil to this bequest, however, I add the painful circumstance of unanswered letters.

The privilege of poohpoohing the literary critics, of chaffing the follies of publishers, of deploring the ill taste and jejune views of rival writers, need not be bequeathed, for all authors will avail themselves of them anyhow.

And what's to be done about such properties as the fun of painting scenery for a toy theatre, or the face of a child blazing with attention while Brer Rabbit is being read aloud? Or the creak of a cork coming out of a bottle of Bisquit Dubouché, or riding a bicycle in the Cotswolds at the age of twenty-one? Or landing at Cherbourg, or the first swim of the season, or getting a poem published? What's to be done about things like that? Nothing, I guess; that's why I don't know how to make a will.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Louis Becke

COLLECTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF LOUIS BECKE: "By Reef and Palm and The Ebbing of the Tide," "Pacific Tales," "Rodman the Boatsteerer," "Helen Adair," "Under Tropic Skies." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1926.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WEAVER

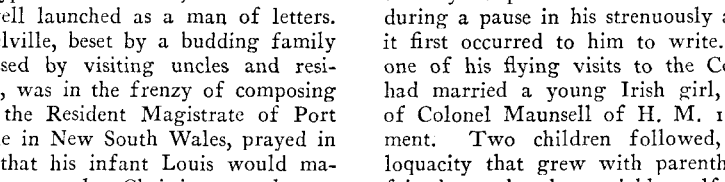
IN 1901, Louis Becke, who was then editor of the *Sidney Town and Country Journal*, the leading Australian weekly contributed an introduction to Putnam's edition of "Moby-Dick:" another among the perpetually recurring ironies that have clustered about Melville. When Louis Becke was born, in 1848, Melville had published "Typee" and "Omoo," and believed himself well launched as a man of letters. While Melville, beset by a budding family and harassed by visiting uncles and resident aunts, was in the frenzy of composing "Mardi," the Resident Magistrate of Port Macquarrie in New South Wales, prayed in his heart that his infant Louis would mature into a manly Christian gentleman. Whether or not it was in answer to the prayer is not certainly known, but the growing Louis soon developed a rapid and downright repugnance for the tameness of Australia, and an uncle undertook to send him and a brother two years older, to America. After typhoon, mutiny, and 130 days of terrible hardship at sea, the brothers were landed on the coast of California. The elder settled on a ranch; but Louis, merely piqued by this first taste of brine and barbarism, found himself a berth as clerk in a shipping company and traded to the Southern Ports. In a year's time he had enough money to take passage on a schooner bound on a shark-catching cruise to Christmas and Palmyra Islands in the Northern Pacific. Surviving this, Becke sailed as supercargo out upon a trading venture among the Western Carolines, he and the dilapidated skipper being the only white men on board. Though by way of incidental diversion the skipper went mad with delirium tremens, the cruise turned out a profitable one. Having so richly proven to himself that trading in Polynesia was both lucrative and manly, he resolved to make the South Seas his province. With the exception of very brief and occasional visits to civilization, and two years' novel experience in North Queensland, Becke spent twenty-eight years on the Pacific, as trader, supercargo, shipmaster, part-owner, and recruiter in the black labor trade. Leading during these years what he modestly called "a wandering and lonely but not unhappy existence," it was Louis Becke's good fortune to miss few if any of the adventures of the rosiest pages of barbarism. As the Earl of Pembroke said of him, "He knew the Pacific as few men dead or alive have ever known it."

It was not until he was forty-six, and then by no premeditation of his own, that during a pause in his strenuously active life it first occurred to him to write. During one of his flying visits to the Colonies he had married a young Irish girl, daughter of Colonel Maunsell of H. M. 11th Regiment. Two children followed, and the loquacity that grew with parenthood. His friends made the amiably self-protective suggestion that he commit his recollections to the world at large. His first tales were whipped into shape by J. F. Archibald, founder and long editor of the Sidney *Bulletin*. The Earl of Pembroke, struck with some of these stories in the *Bulletin*, urged Becke to send a collection to London. The result was "By Reef and Palm," now reprinted with the Earl of Pembroke's introduction. In 1896 Becke followed his book to London, soon to retire with his children to one of the least known parts of Ireland. Here, for the greater part of the seventeen remaining years of his life, he turned out books by the score. Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it. Like Petrarch, he was found dead one morning seated in front of his writing table. He died in a hotel in Sidney in 1913.

These five volumes of the promised Collected Edition of Louis Becke are inexplicable except as belated jetsam cast up in the wake of the recent South Sea wave. Nor is it likely that those who still harbor a sentimental itch for the edenic, if mythical, perfections of Polynesia, will find more than a qualified pleasure in Louis Becke. His South Sea narratives have, on the authority of the Earl of Pembroke, "the unmistakable stamp of truth."

As a writer, Becke was terribly hampered, not merely by knowledge, but by actual touch with the raw facts of adventure themselves. From boyhood to the age of forty-six he was utterly submerged in adventure, caught up and absorbed in the active necessity of fighting for his life against the odds of barbarism. And he was the more absorbed in that he enjoyed the fight. He was a man of extraordinary endurance and a quenchless *flair* for adventure and life in the raw; but he was also a man of thoroughly commonplace intellect and to the end unshaken in his adherence to the devout prejudices of Victorian Christendom. Brave in action, he was too occupied in doing to have ever dared much beyond the nursery to face a full-grown idea. He had adventured much. He had experienced little.

And hence it was, his best work is the earlier of his tales and sketches, and the most effective of these are those which are most evidently done with the greatest carelessness. As he grew in self-consciousness his work grew in falsity. Lacking as he did any constructive skill, the more he wrote the more he lengthened out and flattened his narrative, the more he added of alloy and artifice. In his better stories, the surf, the coral, the palms become mere stage background for snappy tales, generally realistic, always ugly when interesting, full of sudden brutal murders, gin-drinking and cruelty, and only suggestively atmospheric when oppressively sentimental and machine-made. The brutality has evidently been felt, the rest as evidently manufactured. And his best yarns, spontaneously rattled off, strong and ugly, are as damning evidence as "Batouala" against the myth of the "noble savage." At his worst, as in "Helen Adaire," he belongs to the school of Ouida, The Duchess, and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. There have been few worse writers; but there have been fewer men still with a memory stored with such an appalling wealth of curious knowledge, lurid adventure, and savage lore.



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The Working Life

THE MINER'S FREEDOM. By CARTER GOODRICH. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WALTER H. HAMILTON
Robert Brookings Graduate School

THE primary concern of "The Miner's Freedom" is the quality of the working life; its incidental concern coal and the miner. The question which engages Mr. Goodrich's attention is the clash in the modern industrial system between efficiency in production and richness in the working life. Its focus is the sacrifice "of a creative life on the job itself," to "the possibility of fuller and more varied living outside working hours." The method of procedure is the detailed presentation of a single case rather than the abstract consideration of the issue. The case selected for study and for record is the transformation of the working life of the coal-miner by the introduction of the factory system.

There is given, in all its human circumstance, an account of the ancient craft of coal getting; of the sprawling lack of organization which envelops the work of the men at the face; of the habits of freedom and "indiscipline" and of doing-as-one-darn-pleases which make underground workings poor places for would-be foremen; of the round of activities, none too closely related to work, which engage miners; of the coming of cutting machines, blue-prints, and the paraphernalia of efficiency; of the appearance of systematized work and schedules and bosses; and of the closing of the system of modern factory discipline about the miner.

This is presented, all of it, in a running narrative of what is happening in the mines today. The account is full of incident and event; it abounds in interesting and colorful detail. It contains pertinent and varied materials gathered by Mr. Goodrich during many months in the mines. His pages, concerned as they are with a single industry, raise sharply the more general question, which the march of industrialism brings, of the gains and losses in the making of a trade into a job. The book, accordingly, is of interest rather to students of the cultural incidence of the industrial revolution than to students of coal or of the mine-worker.

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Foreign Literature

Russia or 'Eurasia'?

YEVRAZIYSKY VREMENNIK (The Eurasian Annals). Edited by Prince N. S. Trubetzkoy, P. Savitzky, P. Suvchinsky. Berlin: The Eurasian Publishing Company. 1925.

ISKHOD P VOSTOKU. (The Exodus to the East). Sofia, Bulgaria.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

Russia is neither Europe, nor Asia; it is Eurasia, a cultural entity by itself in which the paths of the East and of the West converge. The frontier between Europe and Asia passes not along the Ural Mountains, as we have been taught, but in the hearts of the Russian people.

SUCH are the basic principles of the new philosophical-historical doctrine developed by the school of new Russian thinkers, the "Eurasians" in the books reviewed hereunder. A number of brilliant Russian names are to be found in their ranks; suffice it to mention Prince N. S. Trubetzkoy, the son of the famous philosopher and himself a professor of the University of Vienna, the sparkling Professor A. P. Karsavin, Professor V. N. Ilyin, P. Suvchinsky, and many others. The solid and scholarly erudition of these men cannot be doubted, and they cannot be accused of having come forward with a daring and original theory with the hidden purpose of "making a hit" and of getting cheap publicity. They certainly do not belong to that class of men.

Their purpose is purely scientific. They want to prove that Russia's political life has been erroneously forced into European channels and that Russia's history has been erroneously taught as a part of European history. Russians, our authors contend, have just as much Turanian (Tuak, Finnish, etc.) blood in their veins as they have of the Slavonic. Take the Russian folk music, and you will see that it is based on the "Indo-Chinese" major scale of sounds unknown to the rest of Europe. Take the Russian (and the old-Slavonic) vocabulary, and you will see that most of its spiritual, religious, and abstract words are akin to corresponding Indo-Iranian (mostly Persian) words, while its concrete, realistic, and economic words are kindred to those of Western European languages. Such examples could be easily multiplied *ad infinitum*. All of them tend to prove that Russia is Eurasia, that the ethnical, psychological, linguistic, and historical ties binding her to Asia are just as strong as those attaching her to Europe. Let it be added right away that some of these arguments are open to discussion; yet one cannot help recognizing that Prince Trubetzkoy sets them forth with a brilliant lucidity and convincingness.

It is in the light of these assertions that Eurasians analyze the Russian history. The great upheaval of 1917 is in their eyes but a natural consequence of the most unfortunate reforms that had been undertaken at the dawn of the eighteenth century by Peter the Great in order to "Europeanize" Russia. Russia's greatest statesman and Czar is in their eyes the father of all Russian misfortune. Up to Peter's time Russia had an original culture of its own based on the semi-European, semi-Asiatic Byzantian foundations. It is idiotic to think, the Eurasians assert, that it was a primitive culture. As all mystically religious cultures—and it was above all a culture based on Eastern Christianity—it had been sneered at and forgotten in the truly barbaric years of "enlightened" positivism. Yet it was a complicated, well developed, and highly spiritualized culture. It was essentially national in that it was the culture of the Czar, of a ruling boyar, and of a plain commoner alike.

Peter the Great dealt a mortal blow to these traditionally Russian spiritual values. He violently transformed the poetic Eurasia into pure Europe. He replaced the idea of the theocracy by the idea of the somewhat agnostic autocracy. The Old Byzantino-Slavonic learning gave place to the European learning, and soon Voltaire became the idol of all courtiers. It goes without saying that only the upper, the aristocratic, class became Europeanized, emancipated, and de-Russianized to the extent of forgetting the Russian language (it was only towards the middle of the nineteenth century that Russian nobles were again in full control of their native tongue). This naturally brought about a complete breach of all spiritual ties and relations between the aristocracy and, later on, the *intelligentzia*, on one hand and the people on the other. The gentleman became in the eyes of a peasant "a foreigner." It is no consolation, add the Eurasians, to repeat that, having assimilated the European culture, our educated class has given birth to great writers, composers, etc., of its own. What is this in comparison with disasters that followed? For in the eyes of Eurasians the great Russian upheaval of 1917 was above all the brutal and violent protest of the real, though uneducated, Russia against the "foreign" culture of Petrograd and of Peter the Great.

Of course, I have given here but a rough outline of the rich and interesting material contained in these two volumes. The reader may say that all this is one-sided, incomplete and far-fetched; perhaps it is, to a certain extent. Yet, at the same time, it brings to light sides of Russian life and history which have been hitherto too often overlooked and the importance of which cannot be denied.

Foreign Notes

THE history of Norwegian shipping from prehistoric times down to the end of the eighteenth century is exhaustively and illuminatingly handled in a volume which the Shipping Association of Norway has sponsored. The work consists so far as it has gone of some 600 profusely illustrated pages in which the story of Norwegian sea trade is related to the year 1600 by Alexander Bugge and carried on from that point by Roar Tank. "Den Norske Sjofarts Historie" (Oslo: Steenske) is a book of great value to students of Scandinavian annals.

When a bullet ended the life of Peguy at the Marne it cut short the career of a Frenchman whose death stirred literary France to its depth. A brilliant, contradictory, recalcitrant nature, his genius and his personality cast a spell over his countrymen, and his passing was deplored as one of the great wounds wrought to literature by the war. The man as he lived appears again in the two volumes of his friends, the Tharauds, whose "Notre Cher Peguy" (Paris: Plon) has recently appeared. They have depicted him tenderly, with an insight and a sympathy which makes of their work a noble monument to the man.

Trade Winds

LAST week—I mean the week that was last week when I was writing this—was the publishers' annual melancholia. The booksellers were in convention in St. Louis, which means that they weren't ordering anything, and authors who visited publishing offices to have a look at the Sales Sheets were correspondingly gloomy. But now the Bon Voyage Book Basket season is at its height; people have learned by degrees that flowers, fruit, and candy are extremely depressing in a steamship stateroom as soon as she passes Sandy Hook, and a book like Santayana's "Soliloquies in England" or the latest André Maurois, in French, is the only decent steamer gift. I sent young Amherst to attend the convention in St. Louis, it was the first time he had been west of West Philadelphia, and he came back with his mind considerably enlarged. Also with an enthusiasm for Thorne Smith's book "Topper." Apparently at the convention someone from McBride's office got hold of young Amherst; they told him a story of how a bookshop in New York had been cajoled into putting into the window a Pink Step-In (I had no idea what this could be, but Jocunda says it's a garment) which apparently plays some part in the story; and that this had sold numerous copies of the book, and after the display was finished the lady bookseller got the Step-In as perquisite. Young Amherst was keen that we should do the same thing in my shop, but Jocunda—to my pleasure—vetoed it. She said it was undignified.

Master Amherst reported that some booksellers at St. Louis were grumbling a bit about the great success of the Book of the Month Club, Mr. R. K. Haas's really remarkable invention which promises to be one of the few important new ground breakings in the distribution of books. I hear, for example, that the choice of "Teeftallow" by Mr. Haas's committee of judges as the "book of the month" for April resulted in no less than 12,000 copies being sent out to subscribers—the great majority of whom are, I believe, off the general paths where bookshops are easy of access. It is childish of booksellers to believe that this diverts trade from their own counters; on the contrary it broadens and mulches the whole market. Neither of the first two books chosen by the Book of the Month Committee—"Lolly Willowes" and "Teeftallow"—seem to me ideal novels for very wide and indiscriminate distribution, but naturally the judges must select from what is before them in that month. I for one look forward with the greatest interest to the development of Mr. Haas's lively scheme, and I believe that publishers and booksellers should heartily welcome it.

A good deal of amusement has been caused in my shop by customers who, looking over Professor Cross's new edition of "Tristram Shandy," exclaimed with surprise when they found the famous unprinted page—somewhere about p. 180 in this new Boni & Liveright edition—and brought back the volume thinking it imperfect. Apparently Sterne, like almost all the other Founding Fathers, is unknown to the New Literates. Jocunda showed me with glee a letter from some old Vassar chum of hers which said "I am saturated with Cabell, Van Vechten, and Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and Gautiêr." "She must think that Gautiêr's one of the new Frenchmen," cried Jocunda, who is developing a sharp little sense of the quaint, "for I'm sure she wouldn't trouble to figure out his French if she knew he was dead." Jocunda, to my private amusement and applause, now proclaims J. B. Priestley as her new Prophet; she says Priestley has "disposed" of Mencken and we can go ahead with new things. The New Things, judging by what Jocunda and her friends are reading, are Catullus and Rabelais and Balzac. "What's going to become of Cornell Woolrich and Harry Emerson Fosdick," says Young Amherst (ironically, I suppose) if the young generation rediscover the things that Chauncey Tinker and York Powell sat up late to read?" I didn't know that young Amherst had ever heard of York Powell, but rivalry with Jocunda has spurred him to prodigies of poking in my shelves. He is writing a skit called "No More Prudes" which he believes will sell like Anita Loos. P. E. G.

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SCRIBNER BOOKS

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Miss Boodle, who was the Stevenson's near neighbor at Bournmouth, has given to the world in this little book of "Flashlights from Skerryvore" her intimate and tender memories of R L S and his wife, his "sine qua non." $1.50

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Points of View

"The Man Mencken"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I wish to protest against the autopsy performed by Ernest Sutherland Bates on Isaac Goldberg's "The Man Mencken." The incompetence of the review can be explained, it seems to me, only on the assumption that Mr. Bates read the book hurriedly, was irritated by it, and vented his spleen in an ill-considered lambasting.

It is obvious that Mr. Bates did not read Mr. Goldberg's Preface with any care. He was evidently more concerned with parading his own pet theory about Mr. Mencken's true importance than he was with understanding what Mr. Goldberg was trying to do.

He asserts, with clinical ire, that Mr. Goldberg "seems to have been driven mad by the supposed magnitude of his task." Has the reviewer mislaid his sense of humor? The preface of "The Man Mencken" states: "This book is the contemplation of one very human being by another. It is written, naturally, out of a fundamental sympathy,—a sympathy which is none the less an independent harmony, not a colorless unison with the subject." What evidence is there here, or anywhere else in the book, that the author is overborne by awe of his subject? To be sure, he does not moralize impertinently, for the book "is addressed to those who find in the performance of the human, as well as the literary, comedy, an æsthetic rather than a justiciary satisfaction. I consider Mencken . . . rather an artistic phenomenon to be enjoyed than a text to be stretched into a sermon." Mr. Goldberg seeks to give the reader understanding of his sitter, as a part of æsthetic pleasure. But his criticisms, though sympathetic, are independent, and his views often divergent from those of his sitter. He quite clearly shows what Mr. Mencken is not and does not have and cannot be as the reverse. He does not burn incense before the mystic shrine nor offer "personal flatteries" to the great God Mencken—"flatteries which degrade him to the level of the latest moving picture actress," as Mr. Bates gently remarks.

The reviewer appears to think that Mr. Goldberg was attempting to write a ready-made biography. But "The Man Mencken" professes to be neither the conventional critique nor the conventional biography. Rather, it is a "biographical and critical survey." Though largely chronological, as the ready-made biography is, it does not hesitate "to dance about in time and space. Here . . . is the portrait of a living sitter, who is far more lively than sedentary. Accordingly the canvas is meant to grow, not feature by feature in a steady view, but stroke by stroke; now a daub at the chin, now a smudge at the ear, here a return to a preliminary line, heightening it by contrast with the new pigment, there a sudden completion of a surface that was previously but hinted. At the end, the picture comes to life, but only at the end."

It is this devil's dance of facts, to which he seems unable to find the clew, that bewilders Mr. Bates. For him the book is compact of multitudes of facts, almost all insignificant, miniature ant hills trying to be mountains; all clamoring for equal attention, all seming "to stand on the same stupendous level of importance." The individuality of the man appears to him as trodden down under this devil's dance of the facts [about him].

His sense of humor being for the time at least in abeyance, Mr. Bates is particularly annoyed at the half dozen or so pages which draw on the Nathan-Mencken "Owen Hatteras." Here appear those facts which most upset him. He fails to perceive that in this small portion of the first chapter Mr. Goldberg, like Hatteras, has a touch of the "kidder" about him. Doubtless the biographer smiled as he wrote this section; certainly he was not darkly bent on stripping bare the jests of the Nathan-Mencken opus. While it may not win souls to Mr. Mencken to know that he is his own manicurist and wears 7½ hats, some of the facts, if gossipy, are more humanly illuminating than Mr. Bates allows, and the section as a whole has a sly rather than "elephantine" touch. Can it be that it is Mr. Bates, and not Mr. Goldberg, who takes Mr. Mencken too seriously?

Mr. Bates objects to "the elaborate treatment of Mr. Mencken's ancestry, his boyhood, his editorial and journalistic career." Yet it is from just the piling up of details in these matters, with a careful eye to their bearing on Mr. Mencken's career and personality, that there emerges at the end the completed portrait of the man. There are many facts? Of ancestry? Well, Mr. Mencken has a keen feeling for his clan and its history, and notably inherits many characteristics and something of his viewpoint from various persons on his family tree. Of boyhood? But in the child and his environment we can see interesting indications of what the man became and why he became so, and as intriguing other possibilities never realized. Of editorial and journalistic career? Ah, now the man begins to emerge; now varied writings take on fresh aspects.

In "The Man Mencken" there is a plenitude of facts, but there is "no democratic equality of insignificant facts," as Mr. Bates asserts. Indeed, many of them can be seen to be insignificant without the use of a magnifying glass; of others Mr. Goldberg points out the significance. The very accumulation of details is effective.

"It is Mr. Mencken's inner life that is of interest: the formation and development of his ideas," writes Mr. Bates. True. But what forms and develops his ideas? In large part his outer life. Says Mr. Goldberg, "His writings, from the very beginning, take on the quality of what Italians have called *la vita vissuta*,—life truly lived." The outer life has to be painted if the inner is to be understood. By detailing the former Mr. Goldberg does not submerge Mr. Mencken's individuality, but rather illumines it.

Mr. Bates sticks different labels on Mr. Goldberg's and his own estimates of Mr. Mencken's inner life. He asserts inadequately that Mr. Goldberg is content to consider his sitter "ultra modern." He himself considers Mr. Mencken's mind as "almost wholly of eighteenth century cast."

Biographer and reviewer are not so far apart in their views as this libelling would make them appear. For instance, as Mr. Bates could have discovered on the page following the section that most aroused his ire, Mr. Goldberg speaks of Mr. Mencken's "classic form," and says further, "despite the peculiar modernity and contradictoriness of the man, despite his restlessness, his healthy anarchism, he tends towards order, clearness, and serenity." Elsewhere Mr. Goldberg stresses Mr. Mencken's intellectual control of his emotions, certainly an admired and characteristic quality in the so-called "age of reason."

In reality, an "ultra modern" journalist who gives his preference to such writers as Shaw, Nietzsche, Huxley, Darwin, and Mark Twain is not of an essentially different cast of mind from, say, Voltaire. What label we choose to stick on him does not seriously matter. LAWRENCE B. WALLIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

Ximenes Doudan

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Ximénès Doudan, although not 1 wel known in this country, is recognized in France as an exquisite moralist and one of the most perfect gentlemen of his time. He was considered a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum* in the circle of the Duke de Broglie in which he lived. He was widely read in English literature. The regrettable revival of an old controversy may justify the reprinting of this extract from a letter written Sept. 20, 1869.

"Ah! que c'est vilain à madame Beecher-Stowe! Les amis de lady Byron pensent en effet qu'à la fin de sa vie elle n'avait pas l'exacte possession de ses souvenirs. Le chagrin avait brouillé sa mémoire. On devrait très-peu se mêler de débrouiller des mystères de famille quand on est d'un tout autre pays, d'une autre société, d'une autre civilization. J'ai eu l'honneur de voir à Paris Madame Beecher-Stowe, avec sa jolie figur et son air de douceur et de bonne éducation. Je ne l'aurais pas crue capable de jeter avec tant de témérité un pavé à la tête du *Giaour*, de *la Fiancée d'Abydos*, de Childe-Harold. Quand on a écrit le charmant roman de *la Fiancée du Minstre*, comment est-on capable de si vilians procédé envers un homme de *génie? Je suis fâché que ce fonds de barbarie* reste aux compatriotes de Franklin, de Washington, de Lincoln, de Longfellow, de Prescott, de Ticknor."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE. By *James Harvey Robinson.* Doran.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Emile Legouis.* Macmillan. $3.75.

THE CLASSICAL AGE OF GERMAN LITERATURE, 1748-1805. By *L. A. Willoughby.* Oxford University Press. $1.50.

AUTHOR'S, DEAD AND LIVING. By *F. L. Lucas.* Macmillan.

PLAN OF A NOVEL AND OTHER NOTES. By *Jane Austen.* Oxford University Press. $7.

Biography

MARY MACARTHUR, A Biographical Sketch. By MARY AGNES HAMILTON. Seltzer, Inc. 1926. $2.

One may feel at times the tingle of undetonated lightning in the air, but who can unloose and direct it? The air of England quivered twenty years ago with the undischarged bolts of a social storm. Strikes were pending everywhere; but it took the man or woman of power more than common to wield those waiting forces. As for men workers, they had their trade unions, a huge vote, and representation in Parliament. Laboring women, unorganized or nearly so, and voteless, had two great means of impulsion toward their own betterment. They had incredibly low wages—ten shillings a week or less for hundreds of thousands—and they had a woman leader, Mary Macarthur, with a sort of magic power of leadership. Miss Hamilton's "Mary Macarthur" is a brief but vivid recital of a brief and vivid life. It gives us adjectives, sometimes, in place of chapters. But Miss Macarthur was a being of such salient traits, as even a few strokes will unmistakably reveal. The woman presented to us is a natural agitator, one of those folk who find their Valhalla in this life, not in the next. Intense, at moments unpoised, she had yet a passionate and constant sympathy with her sisters, which kept her to her one task of leading them in their struggle. The account, quoted from her fellow worker Mallon, of how she won the timid lace workers of Nottingham by declaring in street speeches that their children had a birthright "to warm and beautiful clothing and to milk and butter and eggs and fruit," is uncommon reading. So is the tale of how she rushed forth and captured the spontaneous Bermondsey women's strike of 1911, for all the world like a farmer's wife hiving a great swarm of angry bees. She was not only a woman of action, but also that rare thing, a born and true leader of women.

G. STANLEY HALL. By *Lorine Pruette.* Appleton. $2.50.

THOMAS SYDENHAM. By *David Riesman.* Hoeber. $1.50.

DE PROFUNDIS. By *Oscar Wilde.* Modern Library.

FLORENCE UPTON. By *Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.* Longmans. $2.50.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: His Autobiography. Edited by *E. D. Cumming.* Scribners. $12.50.

MEMOIRS OF HALIDE EDIB. Century. $4.

Fiction

THE QUEERNESS OF CELIA. By AMELIA RIVES (Princess Troubetzkoy). Stokes. 1926. $2.

Although Celia's acquired peculiarities were mainly the products of an unfavorable early environment, they were never so extreme as completely to isolate her from the affectionate regard of her fellows. She was beautiful, highly accomplished willowy, and rather large, measuring in the vicinity of six feet, inclined to aloofness and distinction of bearing but, once her reserves were withdrawn, a very charming person. Two unusual men lost their hearts to her, one the guardian appointed by her deceased wastrel father and more than twice Celia's age, the other a young, temperamental, Irish musician. Both suitors were dear to Celia, in particular the guardian who, before the advent of the musician, to silence the malicious tongue of scandal, had married her. Later came the musician to occupy temporarily her heart—but therein lies the best of a suavely written, leisurely, well-mannered, if not strongly convincing, romance.

THE ABBESS OF CASTRO AND OTHER TALES. By MARIE-HENRI BEYLE (De Stendhal). Translated from the French by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

The first complete edition of the works of Stendhal in English, now in process of publication in some ten volumes, is a meritorious attempt to popularize one of the few great nineteenth century writers who have never caught on in America. It may be doubted, to be sure, whether there will ever be a Stendhal craze here such as there has been in France. Stendhal's naturalism, his love of passion and violence, his subtle analysis of the instinctive and irrational, his individualism, his contempt for all that is merely respectable or mediocre are found abundantly in writers of today who can present a similar mood in a setting that is more familiar to us and in a manner that is more our own. There is even a certain appearance of superior logic in writing of passion passionately, in the modern style, as contrasted with Stendhal's calm presentation of the same theme. Nevertheless, it is this very mingling of reason in manner with romanticism in matter that constitutes Stendhal's indubitable claim to an enduring place in literature.

The present volume, "The Abbess of Castro," is a collection of five stories from Italian history, including the older and now discredited version of the Cenci murder, and the life of Vittoria Accoramboni, the heroine of John Webster's "White Devil." They are told with all of Stendhal's narrative verve and unfailing power to conjure up the people whom he describes. As a whole, they present Stendhal's view of the Italian in contrast with the French character—nature in contrast with civilization—always to the advantage of the former. For the student of races, the book has the same kind of interest as a work of Romain Rolland or Valery Larbaud. The name of the translator is in itself sufficient guarantee of the high literary quality of the translation.

WILD HEART. By ISABELLE SANDY. Translated from the French by Charles Miner Thompson. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

The character of Venturetta is the most important element in Isabelle Sandy's novel, "Wild Heart." The simple-souled, passionately religious girl dominates the story; we have a continuous sympathy for her as she struggles unselfishly against malice and ill fortune. She may not be a great spirit, but she is worth knowing, for her tragedy has in it much of the universal. Much praise can, and should, be given to the other characters in the novel. Even though none attain the pathetic dignity of Venturetta, they are fit to accompany her. The plot is slight and comparatively unimportant: it deals with a Pyrenean village that is disputed between Spain and France, the petty squabbles that often arise in an isolated community, and the struggles of Venturetta to find herself amidst her unfriendly surroundings. In the telling of "Wild Heart" there is much to remind us of "Maria Chapdelaine." We have the same power to obtain effectiveness through reticence and economy, the same starkness of elemental contacts. The novel is serene and dignified. Although not great, it is too good to be ignored.

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS. By DMITRI S. MEREZHKOVSKY. Dutton. 1926.

Taking for the theme of his story the love of a Babylonian merchant for a virgin priestess, the author of this book has provided a fictional vehicle for a tedious account of the religious myths and mysteries of the ancient inhabitants of the Island of Crete. In the introduction to his story the author explicitly states that the mystery of Christ was concealed in paganism and revealed in Christianity—the mystery of "God who dies and rises again from the dead."

With such a controversial thesis to defend it is obvious that the author has mistaken his medium. The controversialist or propagandist who attempts to turn the art of fiction to his own ulterior purposes at once violates the rights of art and defeats his own intention. This story reads like a transcript from "The Golden Bough," larded with the author's own peculiar mystical preoccupations. Frazer worked in a spirit of scientific detachment and his "Golden Bough" remains an inexhaustible mine of knowledge. The author of "The Birth of the Gods" takes the Cretan myths to build the scaffolding for much mystical nonsense. Here is a typical instance of many scattered throughout the book: "Give

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

up your reason and find wisdom; lose yourself and find Him; turn blind—and see."

Natalie A. Duddington has made an excellent job of the translation. She has furnished a smooth, flowing, and idiomatic rendering of the original Russian.

A SPORTING CHANCE. By MARGARET CAMERON. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Certain novels are inevitably classed as light reading. "A Sporting Chance" falls neatly into their number. We cannot decently take offense at its slightness, however, for the author has written with a pleasantly romantic touch of things to which we all confess allegiance—youth, adventure, love. Nor can we be too thankful that she has not descended to sentimentality. The plot reveals to us a rich youth of impetuous good humor, a maiden in unusual distress, and a pair of irate fathers encumbered with a somewhat delirious business deal. These elements indicate the course of the difficulties and suggest their not unconventional resolution. In general the narrative is not unbelievable; the characters often come alive. Although the novel never rises above a comfortable mediocrity, it may be recommended for warm weather reading or for one who wishes to give his brain a rest. Books of this type have their honorable and useful stations at the outposts of genuine literature.

THE QUESTION MARK. By M. JAEGER. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

Of the making of literary Utopias there is no end, but this one is interesting, human, and credible; and briefly written to boot. Miss Jaeger's projection of a twenty-second century London is based on reason rather than on imagination; the world in which Guy Martin wakes to find himself differs from ours mainly by having achieved two things: socialism which makes for material equality, and mechanical perfection which makes for material well-being. Human nature is not much changed. There are no troubles over labor, but there are troubles over pleasure, and over love. There are no social distinctions but there are distinctions of brain—a class of "intellectuals" and a class of "normals."

Miss Jaeger gives her story as much humanity as a Utopia can hope to have. Martin's relations with those about him, and their relations among themselves, are as full of misconception and impermanency as ever; there is nothing finalized about this world of the future. Nor is Martin a mere visiting tourist, for he mingles quite as often as he observes. Being, as some one calls him, a natural rebel who needs "to attack and to suffer," he finds no more peace in his new life than, as a poor bank-clerk opposed to capitalism, he found in the old. If anything the trouble is worse, for he finds nothing tangible to crusade against. The spirit of the book is consonant with that of most modern Utopias; they are not the ancient panacea for existing ills, but arguments against the possibility of finding for such ills a perfect remedy. The conclusions of "The Question Mark" are neither new nor profound, but they are reasonable. And Miss Jaeger helps her story, which is somewhat lacking in character, by an admirable style, and makes it piquant in certain details, such as the chosen form of capital punishment—death by inhaling concentrated lotus scent.

THE GREEN DRAGON. By *J. Jefferson Farjeon.* Dial. $2.

THE BAKERS' CART AND OTHER TALES. By *Gerald Bullett.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

IN THE PALACE OF AMUHIA. By *Florence Willingham Pickard.* Doran. $2 net.

JULIET IS TWENTY. By *Jane Abbott.* Lippincott. $2.

HONK! By *Doris F. Halman.* Stokes. $2.

ZULEIKA DOBSON. By *Max Beerbohm.* Modern Library.

THE SPLENDID RASCAL. By *George Challis.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE LUCKY PRISONER. By *Count Gabineau.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

CHILDREN OF THE TWILIGHT. By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER. Cosmopolitan. 1926. $2.

These folk-tales of the vanishing American were gathered by Miss Squier during her extended sojourn and study among western Indian tribes whose habitat reaches from Arizona to Alaska. Nearly all of them she gleaned by word of mouth from ancient Redskins, the myths having been passed to successive descendants for countless generations. There is a primitive simplicity in the venerable narrators, a child-like faith in the fabulous illusions of their tales, which the author reproduces in able, picturesque prose without ever intruding suggestions of her own scepticism. The work, as a serious contribution to the literature of American Indian legendry, seems to be authentic and valuable.

TYPOGRAPHIC TREASURES IN EUROPE. By EDWARD EVERETT BARTLETT. Putnams. 1926. $37.50.

Typographic treasures in Europe there are, but little about them appears in this volume. Mr. Bartlett's news-letter from Europe, which occupies the first place in the book is an interesting and informative article which belongs in the pages of a magazine devoted to typography. It is not the stuff of which books are made. It deals pleasantly with certain tendencies in modern European printing, and occasionally refers to some of the great printers of the past. Its style is familiar and epistolary, as becomes a news-letter,—but its facts are sometimes incorrect, as in the statement that the Kelmscott Press was at Kelmscott Manor, and is news is sometimes amusingly colored by its author's business connection, as in the assertion that in Italy "the liking for Benedictine Book (type) appears to be general."

The second portion of the book is a valuable chronology of printing, from Gutenberg to the present, covering the activities of the press in this country and Europe. There is also, the only one of its kind and so of distinct value, a sort of "Who's Who" of recent and living American printers. If the first part of the book is properly a magazine article the chronology and directory should be a small and low-priced hand-book, for its information is not available in any other form, and is compiled in an admirable spirit.

In format the book is a generous folio, printed on hand-made paper. The type-setting is a very fine example of linotype composition at its best, in that form of Caslon type developed by the Linotype Company, for which concern Mr. Bartlett is Director of Typography. The printing has been executed with great care by the Bartlett-Orr Press, one of America's notable printing establishments. Altogether it is a fine example of modern printing.

It is unfortunate that the present ferment in typography has led to the publishing of indefensibly elaborate books at very high price—books which can only be truthfully called "beautiful but dumb." A due respect for the opinions of mankind requires that printers should not only give adequate dress to worthy matter, but should also refrain from unwarrantably magnificent formats at whacking prices.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE SOCIAL WORKER. By ELIZABETH MACADAM. Holt. 1926. $2.50.

American schools of social work are almost invariably more strictly professional than those in Great Britain, and have developed to a much greater extent than in that country a technique of "social treatment," concludes Elizabeth Macadam after her detailed survey. These differences impress her as being distinctly in favor of the British system. America exhibits the tendency prevalent in the early states in Britain "to deal with special aspects of social problems rather than to equip the future worker by a course of study which will provide him with the right attitude of mind with which to confront his future tasks." The author remarks that the words "case" and "case work" as applied to human beings are not popular in Britain, and that the insistence on such subjects as "principles of case work" and "case analysis" in the schedules of American schools exasperates the British social worker.

> There is something to our ideas repellent (she continues) in a class of fifty students with typewritten records of a life-history of, say, an "unmarried mother" in their hands discussing minutely the diagnosis and treatment of an unfortunate example of "social maladjustment." . . . The successful handling of individual human lives presents such incalculable elements that it can hardly be compared with the study of the more exact sciences. The best type of "case worker" is endowed with inborn gifts, and will gain her experience in actual work, not in the class-room dissection of case papers.

The author's general treatment of American schools for social work is sympathetic and illuminating. The major emphasis of the volume, however, is upon education of this type in Britain. The author was herself one of the pioneers in the movement there. Latterly she has taken a leading part in the unification of it in that country under the Joint University Council for Social Sudies, of which she is Honorary Secretary. Her clear and systematic analysis of the origins and development of the movement will bring to American readers the stimulus of a fresh viewpoint and of a broadened background.

THE ART OF BOXING. By *Georges Carpentier.* Doran. $1.50 net.

THE SCENEWRIGHT. By *Andre Smith.* Macmillan.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT. Appleton. $2.50.

COOPERATIVE ADVERTISING BY COMPETITORS. By *Hugh E. Agnew.* Harpers. $4.

THE SPELL OF THE TURF. By *Samuel C. Hildreth* and *James R. Crowell.* Lippincott. $4.

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *Charles S. Meyers.* People's Institute. $2.50.

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC.. By *Percy A. Scholes.* Oxford University Press. $2.

BIRD DOG DAYS. By *Horace Lytle.* Appleton. $2.

ROSES IN THE LITTLE GARDEN. By *G. A. Stevens.* Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

FISHERMAN'S LURES AND GAME-FISH FOOD. By *Louis Rhead.* Scribner's. $2.

THE SPORTSMAN'S COOKERY BOOK. By *Major Hugh Pollard.* Scribner's. $2.75.

HOW SHALL COUNTRY YOUTH BE SERVED? By *H. Paul Douglass.* Doran. $2.50.

THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK. Fifth Series. Simon & Schuster. $1.35.

PUBLICATION OF THE YERKES OBSERVATORY. Volume IV. Part IV. By *Oliver Justin Lee.* University of Chicago Press.

THE BORDERLAND. By *Theodore B. Hyslop.* Doran. $3 net.

THE STORY OF THE WESTERN RAILROADS. By *Robert E. Riegel.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Religion

OUR LORD'S EARTHLY LIFE. By the REV. P. DAVID SMITH. Doran. 1926.

If the much heralded spiritual revival, about which our leaders in the Church have had such eager things to say ever since the war, should ever materialize, it will unequivocally centre about the real person of Jesus Christ. This may be pleasing neither to those who, in their passionate devotion to the Church, have focussed the strength of heart and brain upon a conventionalized mediæval saint, to whose altar approach must be made by formal and traditional avenues, nor to those who have dragged the Fisherman of Galilee into clinic and lecture room and have regarded Him exclusively as moralist, as philanthropist, as the chief executive of Social Service: but it can hardly be questioned.

The essential criterion of this spiritual revival must be a desire and an opportunity to go back to first principles and see Him as He was—not merely the compassionate friend to humanity, going about doing good, nor the teacher of a new and emancipated ethical code, nor the inspired preacher of the vision of eternal life, within the grasp of everyone who cared enough for the worth of his individual soul to make a winning effort—but the will of God in human life, divine but intelligible, universal but personal, eternal but also day by day.

The purpose of this book is to give a true, non-partisan picture of the Master; and its purpose is admirably fulfilled. We find in it reliance upon no authority save the authority of the Gospels. The author makes helpful, and often brilliant, interpretations of ambiguous points of teaching, of difficult parables, of confused incidents; and from the pages gradually emerges the likeness of one who, as far as words can depict truth, cannot be very far different from the one whose natural grandeur made Peter burst out with his confession—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" The story is written with the simplicity of the New Testament itself, and will make delightful reading alike for the student and the beginner.

Science

POPULAR RESEARCH NARRATIVES. VOLUME II. Collected by the Engineering Foundation. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. 1926. $1.

The modern individual who thinks at all must sometimes wonder what thousands of scientists are really getting at when they shut themselves off in laboratories or go out on lonely adventures with only their apparatus and their theories for company. This second volume of research narratives sets forth fifty of the problems that have been quietly solved or are being solved by such means.

Each little two or three-page narrative deals with a piece of research or a discovery that has contributed to the welfare of men. Each account is by a man who knows so much about the subject in hand that he can write briefly and understandably. There is a chapter by Dr. William Crocker, of the new Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, on plants that starve for want of iron and how the pineapple growers of Porto Rico discovered a way of feeding iron-hungry plants the proper tonic through their leaves. Immediately following this, you are asked (by the Department of Agriculture) to consider the uses that are being found for the twenty million tons of corn cobs which are wasted each year in the corn belt, even after the annual corn cob pipe crop is harvested. How airplane engines suffer from high altitudes, somewhat as mountain climbers do, and how science has found a way to bring high altitudes down to earth for testing these engines is told by the U. S. Bureau of Standards. The important question of lighting is discussed in several chapters by M. Luckiesh, well known expert in this field. And for those who like to keep up—at a comfortable distance behind—with the latest advances in atoms, there is a little chapter on the most modern conception of the electrical structure of matter, and another on man's chances of ever utilizing the energy of the atom, both by Sir Ernest Rutherford, famous as the genealogist of the radio-active elements.

The variety of subject matter makes these forty-nine and one modern Arabian Nights tales a sampler of current science. As such the collection becomes a useful handbook of reference for the book shelf after the first novelty of reading it is over.

CHEMISTRY AND RECENT PROGRESS IN MEDICINE. By *Julius Stieglitz.* Williams and Wilkins.

THE PEDIGREE OF THE HUMAN RACE. By *Harris Hawthorne Wilder.* Holt. $3.25.

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

O GENTEEL LADY. By *Esther Forbes* (Houghton Mifflin).

THE ADVANCING SOUTH. By *Edwin Mims* (Doubleday, Page).

FRANZ LISZT. *By Guy de Pourtalès* (Holt).

THE thanks of a large section of the reading public are due the New York State Library School at Albany, J. A. Wyer in charge, especially to the class in indexing conducted by Miss Mary Ellis, for their heroic and completely successful effort to make a satisfactory index to "A Reader's Guide Book," by May Lamberton Becker (Holt). This will be included in the new edition of the book—whose delightful reception by the public remains a continual surprise to its author—and the index has also been printed in pamphlet form and will be sent free on application to Henry Holt and Co., 1 Park Avenue, N. Y. City, to anyone now owning the book. I hope librarians reading this—from whom I seem to hear a chorus of approval for a deed they have so long wished were done—would take this notice as a general thank-you for the many letters of congratulation for the "Guide Book" constantly received from libraries everywhere.

"Tell me," says L. M. B., Newark, N. J., "a few new detective stories for a man who has read all the old ones. The scene should, if possible, be laid in England."

THIS sounds like a cry from an exiled Briton, but inquiry among circulating libraries reveals that it is an everyday matter for readers who take no special interest in any other form of British fiction to stipulate that their detective stories have "an English setting." They seem to regard it as a guarantee of competence. Also in the English one you get more for your money: it is in general longer, more closely-knit, richer in incident: if we had on this side more like Mary Roberts Rinehart's gorgeous "The Red Lamp" (Doran), choice would be closer.

It looks to me as if in America, land of E. A. Poe, the detective story, adored by readers, were not held in sufficient esteem by writers. I know of two who refused to risk an established reputation by signing their own names to excellent stories of this type. Chesterton has no such fears, and when I told A. A. Milne how much I had enjoyed his "The Red House Mystery" (Dutton), he said he had so much enjoyed writing it that he purposed to produce another when he could give himself that pleasure. Archibald Marshall has just collaborated with Horace Annesley Vachell in "The Mote House Mystery" (Dodd, Mead), whose feature is that for most of the book the effort is not to avenge but to avert a murder. As the victim is one of those nice girls whom Marshall makes so convincing, the reader takes an interest in the proceedings. The best detective story in a long time, and one that stands out from all I have ever read by reason of distinctive quality, is by Ronald Knox, the famous Father Knox, author of "Jael's Hammer" or whatever was the name of that brilliant satire on blanketing all religious beliefs under one composite and compulsory union. This is "The Viaduct Murder," and it is published here by Simon & Schuster. Reading it again the impression is even stronger than upon first acquaintance in England last Summer that here is a straightforward, realistic murder mystery, with sparkling dialogue, amusing false starts and blind alleys, but that for the thoughtful reader there lies, in the discomfiture of the theoreticians when their fine clues blow up, a delicate but unmistakable arraignment of other jumpings-to-conclusions in mysteries deeper than this. In short, it is a rattling good yarn for anyone and twice as good if you take it all in.

This body is found while searching for a golf ball. In "Colonel Gore's Second Case," by Lynn Brock (Harper), hunting a golf ball leads the Colonel, who has already figured in another novel by the same author, to his big clue. Addicts of J. S. Fletcher will by this time have read his "The Amaranth Club" (Knopf), and found it up to standard: the size of that man's output, considering the quality, is a mystery to me. Those who consider the rising star of this firmament to be Freeman Wills Croft, and bring "The Cask" and "The Groote Park Murder" (Selzer) for proof, will find his "Inspector French's Greatest Case" (Selzer) even better than these. E. Phillips Oppenheim has a double disappearance story in "The Golden Beast" (Little, Brown), with an entirely new twist to it. Anthony Wynne's "The Double Thirteen" (Lippincott), "The Permanent Eclipse," by Michael Maurice (Frank-Maurice), "Upstairs," by Mrs. Victor Rickard (Doran), "Mr. Fortune's Trials" (Dutton), in which H. C. Bailey continues the successes of an unusually attractive detective, and "The Dower House Mystery," by Patricia Wentworth (Small, Maynard), whose specialty is a mixture of gay dialogue with high suspense, are all from the Spring crop.

E. T. L., New York, calls attention to "The Faith of a Worker," by L. P. Jacks (Doran), the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* since its foundation, saying that there is a chapter devoted to the place of Dr. Jacks in the religious life of the modern world in "Painted Windows" (Putnam), one of the "Gentleman with the Duster" books.

MRS. BLANCHE C. SMITH, Weston, W. Va., is looking for one of the "Josiah Allen's Wife" books, by Marietta Holley, in which Alziny Anne attempts to vamp the fundamentally faithful Josiah (after the comparatively tepid methods of the time) and is told by Samantha "Alziny Anne Allen, you don't no more know the meanin' of that there word *friend* than if you never see a dictionary." This is not one of the series that I have read, but I wish anyone who has would tell Mrs. Smith where to get the book. For my debt of gratitude to the initial work of that set is more than I can express: "My Opinions and Betsy Robbet's," by "Samanthy Allen, whose maiden name was Smith," has survived two re-bindings and is as sound, sweet, and funny as ever. I don't know where I got my copy, a subscription work which somehow settled into my life about my fourteenth year and made me a calm but immovable woman's righter. Probably I borrowed it and could not be detached.

S. H., Woodlawn, Pa., representing a reading circle whose interest is in biography, asks what outstanding examples of this form of literature they would do well to put on their list.

AS literature and as history both, I would head this list with Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" (Harcourt). We have had within the past few months "Aaron Burr," by Meade Minnegerode (Putnam) a life that does not show him with surrounding clouds of brimstone; indeed in Gamaliel Bradford's "Damaged Souls" he had little sulphur about him. I hear, too, that Tom Paine is to have a much-needed new biography, on which Mary Agnes Best (author of the vivid studies of great Quakers, "Rebel Saints") is at work. "Parnell," by St. John Ervine (Little, Brown), is as thrilling as any novel and rushes along like one; the new "Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," by an English historian, Francis W. Hirst (Macmillan), moves slowly but not too heavily for a book weighty enough for the only full-length biography of this statesman; "Disraeli: Alien Patriot," by E. T. Raymond (Doran), is a one-volume study for those who pause before the six massive volumes of Monypenny and Buckle's "Life" (Macmillan). Of literary biographies with an interest in psychological matters, there is John Drinkwater's "The Pilgrim of Eternity" (Doran), concerned with Byron: a new life of Walt Whitman as "The Magnificent Idler," by Cameron Rogers (Doubleday, Page), and "Edgar Allan Poe: a Study in Genius," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Knopf) that seems to me one of the most successful efforts to apply the new methods of psychological study to the understanding of a problematic character. On quite another line of development there is that inspiring volume "Microbe Hunters," by Dr. Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace), whose many merits I have already loudly proclaimed, and because lives of doctors too seldom get into print, and also because this life was gorgeously colored, this list shall be rounded with "A Surgical Pilgrim's Progress: 1845-1925," the reminiscences of Lewis Stephen Pilcher (Lippincott), a large and beautifully made volume crowded with events.

Mid-West

And with a grip dangling from each hand I left for Cincinnati at which point I paid a visit to the Stewart, Kidd bookstore. John G. Kidd, known to many in Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Louisville as "Books" presides over the destinies of that establishment—and well does he preside. His stock is large and most complete, his people well informed—and his rare books and fine bindings are a joy forever. "Books" did not know that we had planned to elect him president of the *American Booksellers' Association* (we did, too, the following week) because his recent trip to Europe kept him more or less out of touch with our politics. The old and rare stock of England (both books and manuscripts) suffered severely because of the raid of this Captain Kidd but the people of Cincinnati are going to benefit. It's an ill trade wind, etc.

* * * *

Incidently, while "Books" was elected to the Honorary Fellowship of Booksellers (composed of persons who have raised the standards of the profession to "a commendable level") some years ago, his city now boasts of two such bookmen, because at our recent gathering we elected Davis L. James to that order. Mr. James is all that a bookman ought to be—need I say more?

* * * *

Detroit possesses Walter V. McKee, known as "the Master," who has just retired as president of the A. B. A., and was elected to the Fellowship this year. Mr. McKee is the bookman who has made Sheehan's Bookstore an oasis for the thirsty seekers after wisdom and the tired searchers for pleasure. The bookstore complete, is Sheehan's, and everyone knows it—as they know "the Master."

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By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

GRAPHIC ARTS SCHOOL

SOUNDING of a school of engineering in the industries allied to and including the graphic arts was proposed in a conference between President Samuel W. Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and leaders of the printing industry held at Cambridge, May 11. In presenting a report prepared by a provisional committee composed of representative American concerns, the chairman, Henry L. Johnson, announced that the committee unanimously recommended that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology establish a school to train men qualified to lead in the printing and publishing industries. The report called attention to the fact that the printing industry, although fifth in importance in the United States, has never been developed along scientific or engineering lines by any institution of authority.

In an address on "Illustration and Design in European Printing" delivered by Henry Lewis Bullen before the American Institute of Graphic Arts in March, he called special attention to the great progress being made in Europe during the last twenty years, and especially since the war, and attributed it to better methods of instrucion. He said:

"France has in Paris the Ecole Estienne. I did not meet the director of this veritable university of typography and kindred crafts, because he was engaged in being elected a member of the French Academy—one of the immortal forty. Think of the implication in that fact!

"England has three admirable schools of printing in Leicester, Birmingham and Manchester. These schools, not long established, are going to do great things for British printing. While I was in Leicester it was announced in the newspapers that the British Government had bought for the National Academy a painting exhibited in the academy that year by the director of the College of Arts and Crafts in Leicester, of which the printing school is a part. And it was announced at the same time that a former student of typographic design in that efficient college had achieved a similar honor. That student is designing posters in color used by the Underground Railway in London, the best thing connected with printing now to be seen in Great Britain.

"In Italy there are three advanced schools of printing in Turin, Bologna, and Milan, graduates of which are in as much demand as are the graduates of our own great technical engineering schools.

"In Vienna there is a school surpassing in excellence those I have mentioned. It is housed in the great national printing house, which reserves for it certain rooms for practice.

"In Leipzig is the famous Academy of the Graphic Arts, housed in a palace, and doing great work for the graphic arts and typography.

"An evening might be profitably devoted to consideration of the highly important work of these outstanding schools of printing. There are many schools of minor importance, some of them having larger attendance, in each of these countries. The teachers in them are men of superior learning, experience, and authority. In Leipzig I was interested to find that Professor Goetz, chief of instruction and research in engraving process, was born on Washington Heights and learned process engraving from Dr. Kurtz, who made the first practical three-color process plate in New York in 1894-95. The chief of instruction in camera work is a Mr. Smith, also an American.

"An important fact in this connection is the governmental support of these schools. The European governments encourage all the arts. Art is represented in their political cabinets. Until our government gives the arts the same recognition it gives to agriculture, it cannot be as effective a government as a great government ought to be. Neglect of art and art crafts in this country is a disgrace, but who is protesting?"

Mr. Bullen's address made a great impression at the institute's meeting and it now looks as if it was destined to bear early fruit.

HONORS FOR BRUCE ROGERS

IN connection with the opening of the fourth annual exhibit of the year's best books at the American Institute of Graphic Arts, President Burton Emmett announced that the honorary medal of the Institute had been awarded by the directors to Bruce Rogers for his contribution to the progress of graphic arts in America. This award was for his general contribution to the field and not to this exhibit alone. His contribution to this exhibition, however, is one of distinction. It includes "The Franklin Passports," printed by the Harvard University Press for the William L. Clements Library of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," printed by William Edwin Rudge, Inc., for George H. Doran Company; George B. Ive's new translation of "The Essays of Montaigne," published in four volumes by the Harvard University Press; Joseph Pennell's "The Adventures of an Illustrator," printed by William Edwin Rudge, Inc., for Little Brown & Co.; Mrs. William Lowell Putnam's "XXVIII Sonnets," printed and published by William Edwin Rudge, Inc.; T. Sturge Moore's "Roderigo of Bivar," printed and published by William Edwin Rudge, Inc.; Arthur Symons's "Studies of Modern Printers," printed and published by William Edwin Rudge, Inc.; and Robert West Saunders's "Skallagrim," an operetta in three acts, printed by William Edwin Rudge, Inc., and privately issued. Here are nine titles out of fifty, which is a large representation, especially when the fine character of his work is considered.

NOTE AND COMMENT

HOLBROOK JACKSON has written two additional chapters for the revised edition of his study of "William Morris," which Jonathan Cape of London will soon publish. One deals with Morris as a poet and story-teller; the other with the revival of fine printing, in which he and his Kelmscott Press were such great factors.

Publications of the Ashendene, Doves, Kelmscott, Gregynog, Cuala, Riccardi, Golden Cockerel, Vale, and High House presses, together with all the books of the Nonesuch Press, and some books printed under the supervision of Bruce Rogers, are included in a new catalogue, printed on hand-made paper, by Douglas Cleverdon, bookseller of Bristol, England.

It is reported that another signature of Button Gwinnett, Georgia Signer of the Declaration of Independence, has been discovered by Miss Ruth Blair, state historian of Georgia, in examining an old volume dating from 1772, appended to a confirmation of a land grant.

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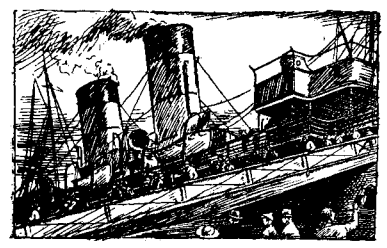

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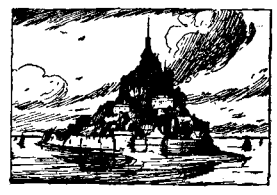

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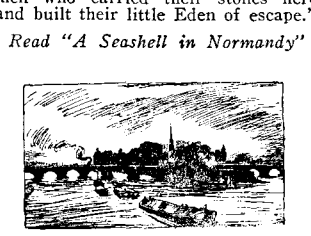
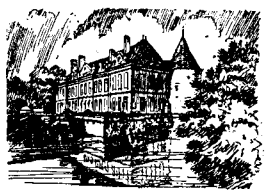


PARIS

"Riding on the back platform of a bus you have a gorgeous opportunity for study. . . . Think of a tiny toy store called *Aux Délices de l'Age d'Or;* or of the Street of the Frankly Bourgeois, or the Street of the Bad Boys."

Read "Paris Busses and Trams"



BURGUNDY

"I could see only the pink roads, the same dusky pink as the inward staves of a wine-vat; and the church in Beaune that is the shape of a bottle. . . . This is not only the watershed of France, it is the wine-shed."

Read "An Old House in Burgundy"

LONDON

"The most unconscious pathos that I saw in London was a sign in an Oxford Street clothing shop: RAINCOATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. . . . The pearly haze that dreams over St. Paul's is at least partly the steam of Sausages and Mashed rising from a thousand little taverns."

Read "A Map of London"

NEW YORK

"The blue mildness of the night was bright with exciting signs, the ancient one of the full moon seeming rather pallid compared to the electric picture of Socony Oil pouring from a can into a funnel."

Read "Round Columbus Circle"

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The Phoenix Nest

WITH Spring really in our midst, *Floyd Dell's* "Love in Greenwich Village," his latest book, appeals to us by title. * * * And we have surveyed with pleasure his proem, "The Rise of Greenwich Village," and we have read familiar interpolated poems, such as "April-May," of the haunting refrain, and "The Ballad of Christopher Street" with equal joy. * * * Mr. Dell is qualified to be the *Murger* of New York's bohemia. His hand is deft to convey a vanished charm and glamour—vanished for one generation, still extant to another. * * * *Bob Davis's* life of *Bob Fitzsimmons*, the famous Antipodean punch-packer (though he was born a Cornishman) is a narrative full of zest that may be had of Doran and read at a sitting. * * * It ran serially in *Liberty* and we used to collide with hydrants reading it as we walked abroad each week at lunch-time. * * * "What Is Civilization?" asks a forthcoming Duffield volume, in which this vexed question is answered by writers so diverse as *Maeterlinck, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Ralph Adams Cram, Van Loon, Du Bois, Chi-Fung-Liu*, and so on. * * * The Labor Temple Poetry Forum meets every Tuesday at eight at 244 East 15th street. They have seats to accommodate one hundred and fifty persons. Write *Anton Romatka*, the organizer and director, at 222 East 26th street, for any further details. * * * *William Canton* died on May second in London at the age of eighty-one. For many years he was leader writer on the *Glasgow Herald*. * * * One of his charming books that we have known since childhood is the delectable, "W. V.: Her Book." He also produced "A Child's Book of Saints," "A Lost Epic and Other Poems," and other words. * * * Amusing is the information that on Washington Square in Philadelphia, directly opposite the Curtis building, a new hostelry, "The *Christopher Morley* Inn" puts forth its shingle and advertises "Home Cooking." * * * Which reminds us that "The New Encyclopædia of Food," by *Artemas Ward* (not the famous Arte*mus* Ward), is a magnificent volume of 766 pages and tells the story of everything that people eat, "both the common articles of everyday consumption and those that are rare and unusual." * * * It can be obtained from *C. Gerhardt*, bookseller, at Twenty-five West Forty-second Street. * * * A most interesting volume planned for the autumn is Doubleday's edition of *Swinburne's* "The Spring Tide of Life," to be illustrated by *Arthur Rackham*. This is sure to be a beautiful book in every particular. * * * The highest figure ever received at an English auction for the MS of an English author sold during his lifetime, was the fifteen hundred pounds paid for a part of the manuscript of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by *Thomas Hardy*. * * * The portion sold is all that remains in existence of the original MS, and is about half of the work, showing many changes from the printed version. *W. T. Spencer* of London was the purchaser. * * * Boni & Liveright are offering one hundred dollars in cash for the best conception, in a drawing, of Bunny Gandle, the hero of *Heywood Broun's* "Gandle Follows His Nose." The contest closes June fifteenth and all entries should be addressed to *Miss Ida E. Goldman* at Boni & Liveright. The judges are *Herb Roth, Wallace Morgan*, and *Donald S. Friede* for the firm. * * * The late *Henry Holt* had, shortly before his death, finished correcting the last proof of his forthcoming "The Hopeful Borderland." He now appears for the first time over his own imprint, it having been his custom in the past to issue his books through other publishing houses than the one of which he was so many years the head. * * * The French edition of "Franz Liszt's "*L'Homme d'Amour*), by *Guy de Pourtalès*, has already duplicated the success of *Maurois's* "Ariel," having sold over a hundred thousand copies in two months. *Eleanor Stimson Brooks* has just translated it and Henry Holt & Co. have just published it in this country. * * * Two unpublished poems by *Katherine Mansfield* are offered us at ten dollars by *J. L. Wright* of Malden Street, Revere, Massachusetts. "I to have MS back after publishing. (I offer at Litry Agt & have to remit to her Exectr after taking out my Comn)" adds Mr. Wright, and he asks, "Think you want to use?" * * * *Joseph Lawren* announces forty essays by *Ben De Casseres on "Forty Immortals."* Lawren is at 220 West 42nd Street. * * * Some of Ben's immortals are *Spinoza, Cabell, Balzac, France, Shelley, Emerson, Amiel, Satan, Gustave Le Bon, Max Stirner, Saltus, de Gourmont, Dunsany, Whitman, Poe*, and so on. * * * An essential book on Western history and early exploration is now in the press for immediate publiction by *Edward Eberstadt*, at 25 West 42nd Street. * * * This is "John Colter, Discovered of Yellowstone Park,—being an account of his exploration in 1807 and of his further adventures as hunter, trapper, Indian fighter, pathfinder, and member of the Lewis and Clark expedition." * * * This is an edition limited to 500 copies and priced at three dollars. * * * *Nathalia Crane*, the child poet, has now produced a novel, "The Sunken Garden" (Seltzer). Upon a cursory examination of it what most impressed us was the dearth of dialogue. Each chapter opens with a verse. The book is dedicated to *Jean Starr Untermeyer*. * * * *Robert E. Riegel* has written "The Story of the Western Railroads," (Macmillan) an important chapter in our industrial history. * * * In "Lonesome Road," (McBride) *Paul Green* furnishes us six plays for the Negro Theatre. The plays deal with the laborers in the great coastal plain of North Carolina. The book is most attractively bound and printed. * * * *Dean Briggs* has had his biography done by *Rollo Walter Brown* (Harper's). But the Dean is not dead. He is in excellent health; and is now touring Europe, having retired from his duties at Harvard and Radcliffe. * * * We acknowledge receipt of several copies of *Stuff and Nonsense, A Magazine of No Importance*, which is published on the seventh of the month at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania,—editor, *Donald F. Rose*. * * * We like the title of this shy little sheet. * * * In the younger school of writers in Germany, *Leo Perutz* is known as one of the most brilliant and original. His novel, "From Nine to Nine," a literary thriller, is being translated and will be published by the Viking Press in August. * * * And the "Second Book of Negro Spirituals" will be published by the same firm on the twentieth of September.

* * * Now we must wrastle around getting our passport, as we shall be upon the briny within a week or so. * * * It will be our first experience of the Atlantic Ocean, if the General Strike admits of our passage. * * * Whoops, my dears! * * * P. S. It did.

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